

The Sketch



No. 659.—VOL. LI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



"DR. WAKE'S PATIENT": MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE
AS LADY GERANIA WYN-CHARTERET, AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery. (For other illustrations of the Play see page 321.)



London.

THE sequel to the suicide of Miss Edith Allanby, who gave her life in exchange for the publication of a novel, is charged to the full with bitter irony. The poor lady has not only attained her object, but we are told that several leading publishers promptly wired to the relatives, offering liberal terms. Most sincerely do I trust that this burst of enterprise will not encourage others to follow Miss Allanby's example. I say this in all seriousness, for I know only too well that the passionate desire for literary publicity is increasing rather than diminishing. A few months ago, I complied with the request of the Editor of a popular monthly magazine to reply, through the columns of the magazine, to letters from readers on personal and intimate topics. A rash undertaking, you will say, and so I found it. No sooner had the invitation to forward such letters appeared in the magazine than I began to receive dozens of communications from people all over the kingdom, nearly all of whom were desperately anxious to know how they could obtain a footing in literary and journalistic circles. Some of them enclosed samples of their work (generally unaccompanied by stamps for return). And the worst of it was that they all had the idea that people who wrote had formed themselves into a very exclusive Club. Once a member of that Club and all would be well. They would breakfast with editors, lunch with publishers, and dine with reviewers.

I sat down to the task of replying to these letters with a courage born of Sympathy and Enthusiasm. I did not say, "Don't attempt to write, dear lady. It is evident that you can't do it, and that you are merely wasting your time." Anybody could say that, and most people do. It saves trouble. I took a humbler line, and told them, as well as I could, what sort of stuff was most likely to be accepted. I even went into such matters as the prices of typewriting, and the use and abuse of the literary agent. What was the result? I will tell you. The work became so exacting that I was compelled to abandon it altogether and go away for a holiday. Before you allow that smile of incredulity to widen, let me give you a sample or two of the letters I received. Here is one—

"DEAR SIR,—I see that you are prepared to answer questions on various subjects, and I should therefore be very pleased and grateful if you would kindly give me some advice as to the best method of getting my stories and verses into the papers and magazines. I am passionately devoted to writing, but although all those who have read my work think very highly of it, I have not succeeded in getting anything printed. If it is not troubling you too much, I should be so much obliged if you would give me some information on the following points—

- (1) How much would it cost to publish a little volume of poems and legends?
- (2) Do you know of any well-known author who would correct my work for me and take half the profits?
- (3) How much does it cost to get things typewritten?
- (4) Is there any publisher who, for a small fee, would read a novel in manuscript and give me an opinion on it even if he did not want to publish it?
- (5) Is it best to call on editors oneself, and, if so, which are the best editors to call on and at what time?
- (6) Is there any paper that would publish short poems if it did not have to pay for them? Or, failing that, in consideration of a small fee?

Trusting that you will reply to me in the next issue, etc."

This letter did not amuse me in the least, and, if my correspondent happens to come across these notes, I hope she will believe that I

am merely quoting her in the hope of helping others who, like herself, have not been through the mill of journalism and authorship. Taking these questions one by one, I replied (through the post) as follows—

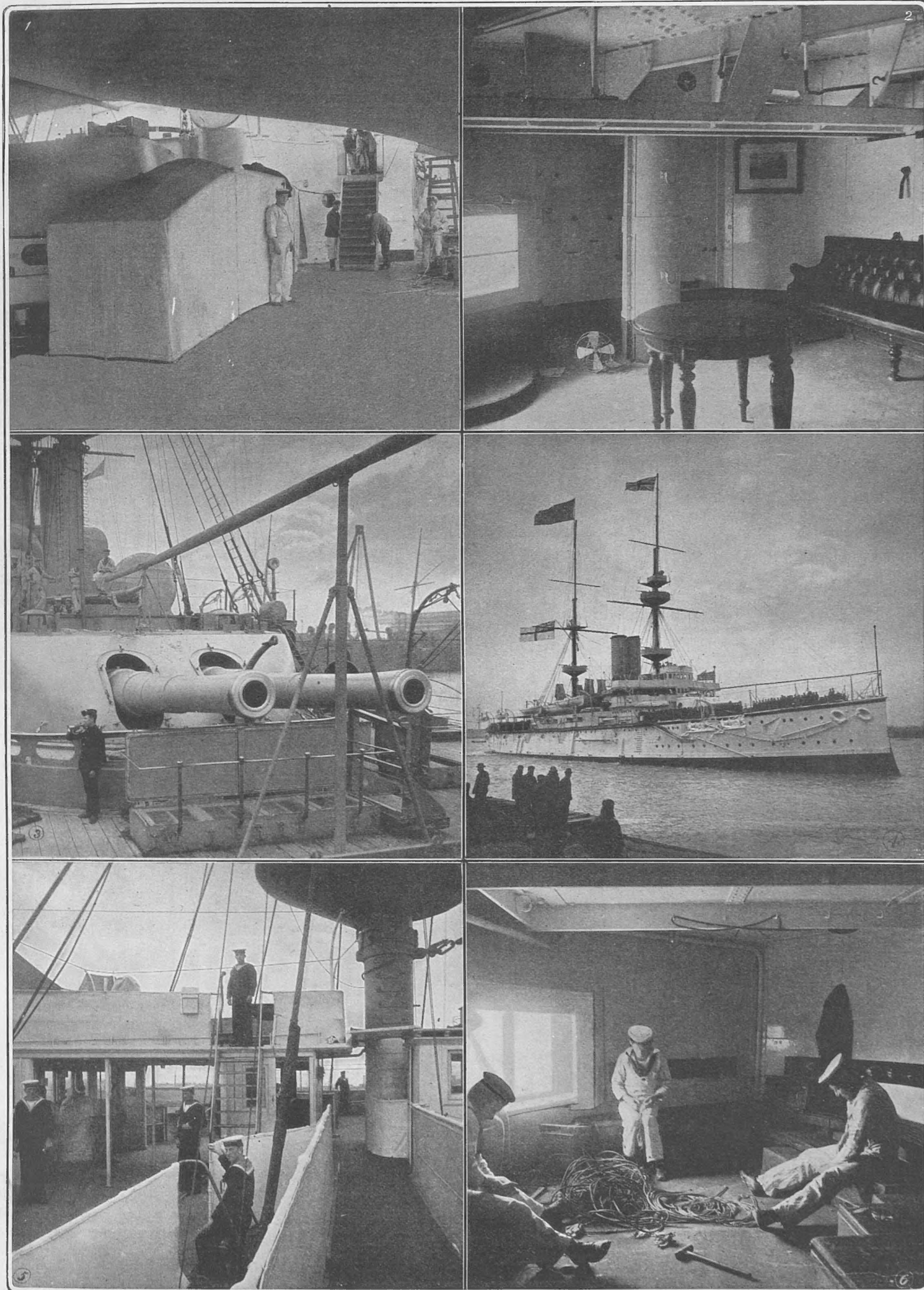
- (1) Pray abandon the idea of publishing a little volume of poems and legends. The public does not want them. Give an "At Home" to all your friends and read them aloud. It will almost answer the purpose, and, at any rate, be much cheaper.
- (2) There are many well-known authors who would be glad to correct your work, but they would probably think it better to estimate the profits before publication and take half in advance.
- (3) There are thousands of spinsters all over the kingdom who will typewrite your work, with tears of gratitude in their eyes, at the rate of ninepence per thousand words (including paper).
- (4) Yes. But why encourage them?
- (5) Never call on editors. If they want to see you very badly, they will probably call on you. If they don't want to see you, why run the gauntlet of the most terrible people in the world—London office-boys?
- (6) Heaps and heaps. But why do it?

Even the abandonment of the feature, however, did not stop the flow of correspondence. As recently as two days ago I received a bulky manuscript from a gentleman living in the South of England, who wrote: "I forward you a short story for criticism. I have written about twenty, in addition to half-a-dozen plays, all human and all humorous. I've no desire to bore you, sir, but I'm sure, if you're the means of guiding my keel into water, you'll have as great reason to be proud of that fact as Addison was of Pope." The story is entitled "Mistaken Identity," and begins somewhat ominously: "What on this earth is more pleasing and gratifying to a man's vanity than an evening spent at his own fireside with his devoted wife and children gathered around him listening to his tales with the rapt attention that will certainly not greet his flights of fancy when the said children have grown up." The flippant might suggest that my correspondent must be a man with a grown-up family; but I do not care to be flippant on so grave a misfortune as the craving for literary publicity. I can only repeat that thousands of spinsters all over the kingdom will typewrite any amount of rubbish, with tears of gratitude in their eyes, at the rate of ninepence per thousand words (paper included). And two-thirds of them, believe me, began by writing novels, and legends, and poems of their own.

"No book," wrote poor Edith Allanby in that last, deeply pathetic letter, "was ever written by human hand more reverently and with greater purity of thoughts. I tried to publish it at the time it was written, but failed, and since then have gone on writing patiently and spending money willingly, with the one aim of making an opening for it; but I am as near to-day as four years since."

And so she is dead, and all because there was no friend of experience at hand to advise her that not one in ten thousand succeeds in starting at the top. It may sound disgustingly utilitarian, and so forth, but the unknown writer *must* study the market. That is the only way to gain the confidence of the publisher and the ear of the public. Why, goodness gracious, didn't dear old Shakspeare study the market? Didn't he wind up his Acts with exciting tags so that the audience might not leave the theatre while the players were resting? And, coming down to the present day, can you name any writer of established reputation who has not made it his business, at some time or another, to study the public taste? They may not remember the occasion, but they are not likely to forget the money that is invested in snug securities.

FROM BATTLESHIP TO YACHT: PREPARING THE "RENOWN" FOR THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO INDIA.



1. THE NEWLY-ERECTED COVERED WAY LEADING TO AND FROM THE STATE CABINS, AND THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE DECK-CABIN AND BRIDGE.

3. THE BARBETTE GUNS, THE ONLY BIG GUNS NOT REMOVED FROM THE VESSEL.

5. THE FORE-BRIDGE OF THE "RENOWN," SHOWING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS'S CABIN AND THE BRIDGE PROMENADE ON THE RIGHT, AND THE CABINS OF THE CAPTAIN AND SIGNALMEN ON THE LEFT.

2. A 6-INCH GUN CASEMATE, WHICH IS BEING TRANSFORMED INTO A SMOKING-ROOM.

4. THE "RENOWN," PAINTED WHITE AND FLYING THE ROYAL STANDARD, READY FOR HER ROYAL PASSENGERS.

6. BLUEJACKETS FIXING ELECTRIC-LIGHT FITTINGS IN THE CASEMATES WHICH ARE BEING TRANSFORMED INTO CABINS.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Downfall of Diamonds—Kimberley as it Was—Diamond-Digging.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES should beware how he flurries the dovescots. Kimberley is a long way from London, but his opinion that the time is approaching when real diamonds of a size large enough to compete with the stones from the mines will be made by artificial means will have sent a thrill of apprehension through the heart of every owner of a tiara. What would happen if large diamonds could be turned out from laboratories at a few shillings a dozen is too awful to contemplate. Diamonds would cease to be worn by the very rich, and there would be a dreadful feeling of insecurity amongst high-born dames, a dread that rubies and emeralds might also be brought within reach of an affluent plebeian's wife.

I think, however, on the theory that threatened men live long, that our great ladies need not yet contemplate the breaking-up of diamond heirlooms and the sale of the settings as old gold. It is not so many centuries ago that every alchemist thought that he was on the verge of a discovery by which gold could be made out of baser metals, and that its cost would be no greater than that of lead; but the "Philosopher's Stone" never came into being, and I am sure that Kimberley will continue to supply diamonds at the usual prohibitive price, and that a hundred years hence the chemists will still be talking of the wonderful diamonds they could produce as they would.

Of course, there is an awful rumour that the supply of diamonds from the Kimberley mines may give out, but I should doubt whether that blue mud studded with diamonds which was spouted up by a geyser in pre-historic ages will ever fail. It is much more likely that depths may be reached beyond which a man cannot go. I remember the big mine in its comparatively early stages, when it looked like a great blue cheese which had been dug down to irregular depths. Life at Kimberley, which was a town of tin houses dumped down on the sand-hills, was far more amusing and more exciting then than it is nowadays.

Kimberley, though it is a town of very recent growth, has plenty of history. It had its revolution in its early days, an uprising which necessitated the despatch of the 24th Regiment up-country from the Cape. It was a long march, but when the regiment arrived at its destination it was pelted with nothing more destructive than oranges. There was also an invasion from Kimberley of the Orange Free State by a band of Britishers who contemplated conquering that State. The invaders were

few but enthusiastic. The number of canteens found during the first march into the enemy's country was, however, fatal to this expedition, for so many of the invaders rested by the wayside that the others thought it was hardly worth while to proceed.

In the days when I knew Kimberley the "diggers" and the "buyers" were still at variance, Cecil Rhodes had not yet risen above the horizon, and Mr. Barney Barnato was devoting his talents to amateur acting. There was always fighting with the natives going on in those days at no great distance from Kimberley, and it was the fashion and the custom for the good fellows of Kimberley to take a holiday by joining the Diamond Fields Horse and by serving a campaign against the Batlapins or the Baralongs, or whatever tribe might happen at the time to be cattle-stealing and murdering white men.

Of course, such a holiday might be prematurely ended by a bullet, but that all added zest to the adventure. Sir Owen Lanyon, the Governor, and Sir Charles Warren were generally both out campaigning with the Volunteers, and amongst the latter were to be found all sorts and conditions of men. One of the Diamond Fields Horse, told off as orderly to a Staff Officer, asked for leave for a few days to go back to Barkly. His partner digging "on the river" had found one of the largest and whitest diamonds that had ever been unearthed. They had both become men whose fortune was made, and he wished to have a look at the stone before seeing the campaign to its end.

Fortunes were made swiftly in those days before the big Companies were formed, and before the Rand, which had yet to be discovered, drew away the big speculators to Oom Paul's territory. Diamond-digging was in the very air, and the fever attacked my troop of fifty men of mounted infantry with whom I was patrolling the west of the Transvaal at a very early stage. We came to a little village, Bloemhof, where there were some old diggings and where I halted for three days.

A deputation of the men asked if I had any objection to their digging for diamonds in their spare time, and whether they might use the entrenching tools. I gave the necessary permission, and the first day every man, with the exception of the guard, dug vigorously the afternoon through, returning to "stables" with caps full of diamonds which were absolutely valueless crystals. The next day only half the men went to dig, and on the third day only three enthusiasts were found to pursue the hopeless quest. When we marched on again, I had several broken picks and shovels to account for, but I knew that I should hear very little more from my men on the subject of diamond-digging.



DANGEROUS BREAD-WINNING: A STEEPLE-JACK PAINTING A FLAGSTAFF OVER A NEW YORK BUILDING.

Photograph by Bain.

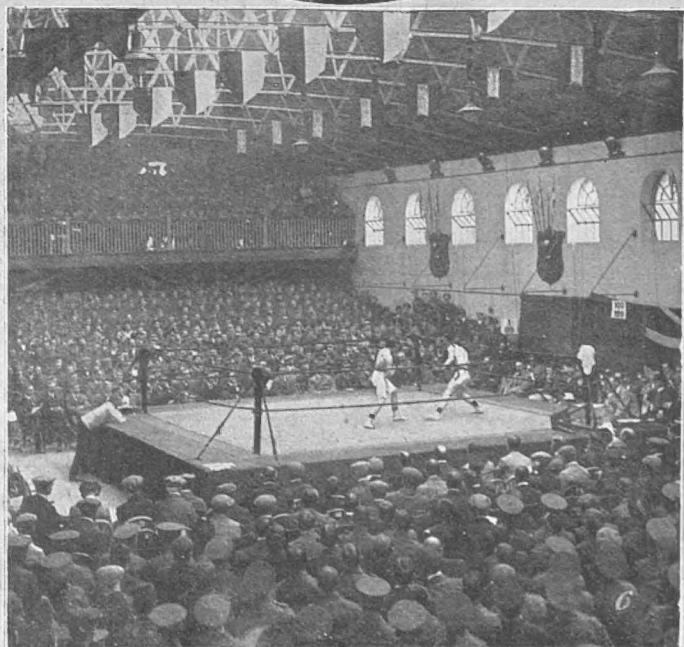
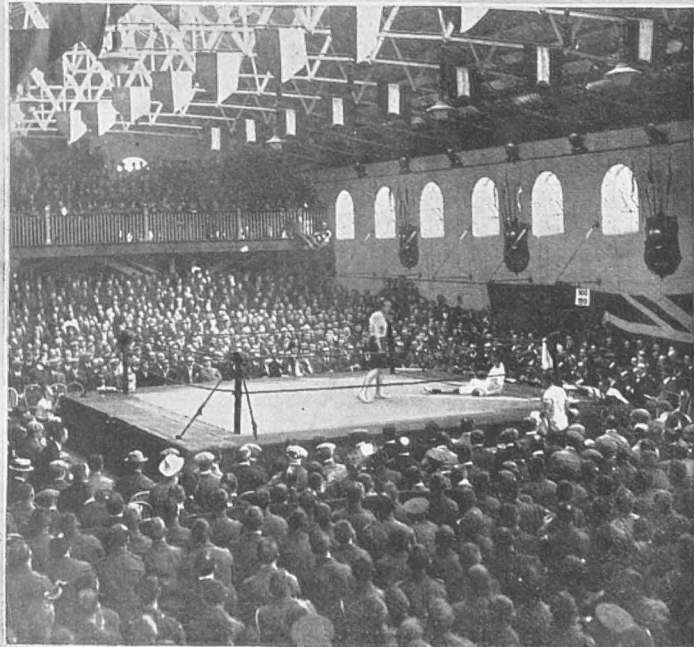
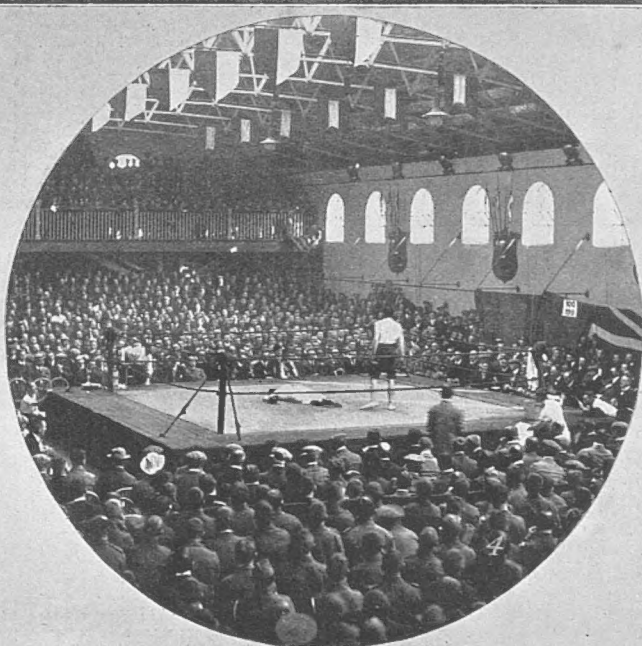
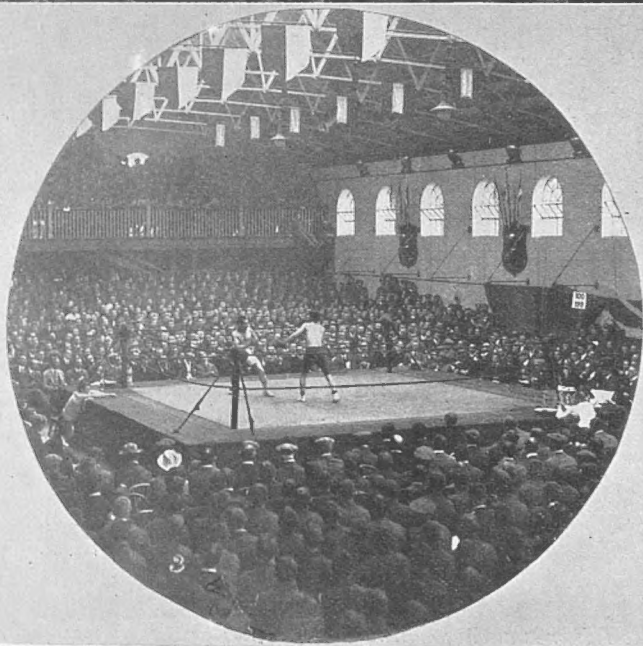
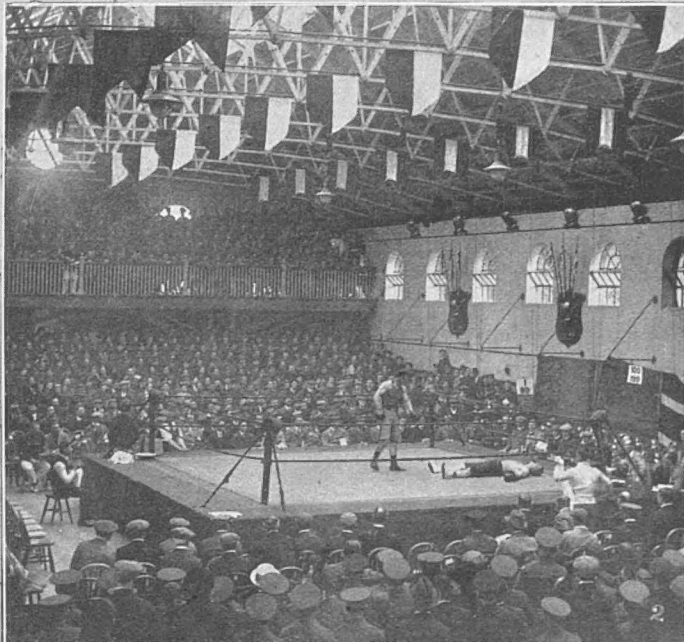
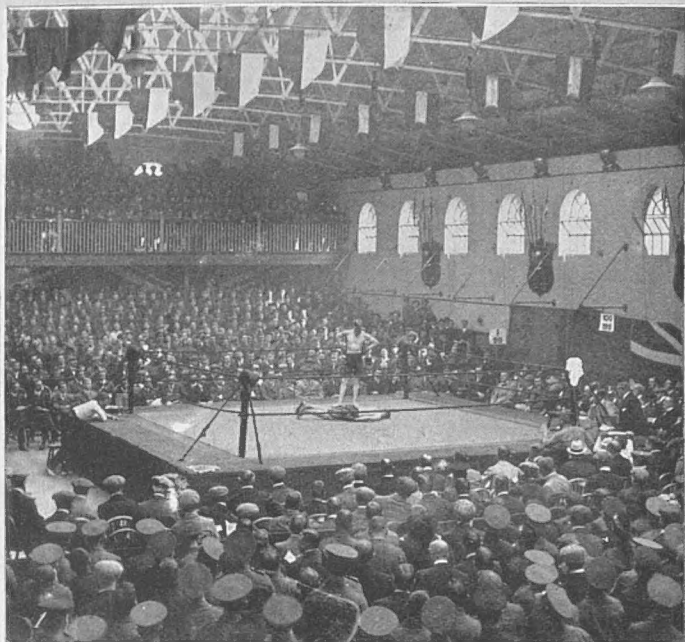


A MILLIONAIRE'S WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: MR. MARSHALL FIELD AND HIS WIFE LEAVING THE CHURCH.

The wedding of Mr. Marshall Field and Mrs. Delia Spencer Caton, which was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, seems to have annoyed a good many descriptive writers by its simplicity: the journalists evidently anticipated gilded rice and diamond-studded slippers. Only a very few intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom were present in the church, and these included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the former of whom signed the marriage-register. Mr. Marshall Field, who has a fortune of many millions, has had a remarkable career, beginning life as a farmer's boy, eventually becoming partner with Mr. L. Leiter, Lady Curzon's father, and another gentleman, and, later still, buying the whole interest in the business. He is now in his seventieth year.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

NAVAL AND MILITARY FOLLOWERS OF "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION":
THE NAVY AND ARMY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.



1. THE FEATHER-WEIGHT: PRIVATE BERRY, 11TH HUSSARS, THE WINNER, BEATS PRIVATE RICHARDSON, 1ST LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRE.

3. LIGHT-WEIGHT: SEAMAN MORIARTY, SHEERNESS, THE WINNER, BEATS CORPORAL BLAKE, ROYAL FUSILIERS.

5. OFFICERS' MIDDLE-WEIGHT: LIEUTENANT R. B. CAMPBELL, DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY, THE WINNER, BEATS LIEUTENANT G. PEARS, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

2. HEAVY-WEIGHT: CORPORAL SUNSHINE, ROYAL FUSILIERS, THE WINNER, BEATS PETTY-OFFICER DONALD, H.M.S. "CALEDONIA."

4. MIDDLE-WEIGHT: SEAMAN WATSON, H.M.S. "PEMBROKE," THE WINNER, BEATS PRIVATE SALTER, 21ST LANCERS.

6. OFFICERS' HEAVY-WEIGHT: LIEUTENANT W. S. CRAVEN, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, THE WINNER, BEATS LIEUTENANT G. MOORE, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Photographs by Gale and Polden.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
 EVERY EVENING, at 8, Charles Dickens's
OLIVER TWIST.
 Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr.
 FAGIN ... MR. TREE.
 NANCY ... MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
FIRST MATINEES
 TO-DAY (Wednesday), SATURDAY NEXT, Sept. 16,
 WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20, and SATURDAY, Sept. 30, at 2.15.

CRITERION THEATRE, W.—Sole Lessee, Sir Charles Wyndham.
 Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATS. SAT. 2.30.
THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM. By Leedham Bantock and Arthur Anderson. Music
 by Howard Talbot.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.
 EVERY EVENING at 8.30 **THE WALLS OF JERICHO.** by Alfred Sutro.
 MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. REAPPEARANCE OF
 MR. BOURCHIER and MISS VANBRUGH on Saturday Afternoon next at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
 MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' SEASON. EVERY
 EVENING at 8.15. **LADY MADCAP.** MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

SCALA THEATRE. S C A L A.
 CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, W.
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 Lessee ... MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
 This Theatre will be opened on Saturday, Sept. 23, with a Dramatic Fantasy entitled
THE CONQUEROR.
 By R. E. Fyffe.
 MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON and MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.
 All seats may be booked in advance.
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 tions for seats.

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THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
 Real Batteries of 47 Guns, Hotchkiss, and Maxims. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of
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 OCTOBER 11, 12, 13, 14, 1905.

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 Taillefer, Strauss; Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Grand Mass in C Minor, Mozart; Engedi,
 Beethoven; Lohengrin, Wagner; Messiah, &c.

Mesdames Melba, Albani, Nicholls, Crossley, Foster, Lunn. Messrs. Coates, Green, Ben Davies,
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 East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE ARMY.

Mr. Balfour made a curious speech at North Berwick in support of the
 Volunteers. The support can scarcely be said to have been of the
 most encouraging kind. But the most noteworthy passage in the
 speech referred to the defence of India. No conscript Army, said the
 Prime Minister, could be used for this purpose, because it was well
 understood that no Power in Western Europe would employ conscripts
 to defend its overseas possessions. What troops, then, would the Kaiser
 employ for the defence of Kiao-chau? But it is remarkable that
 Mr. Balfour, while admitting the problem of Indian defence to turn
 upon the question of obtaining the needful men, offered no solution.
 Where are we to get them? Mr. Balfour dismissed the notion that we
 can defend India by diplomacy. We must trust to "the might of
 Britain," he said. Yes; but where is the military might of Britain?

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

France has won a diplomatic victory in Morocco by the complete
 submission of the Sultan to the demand for reparation to the French
 Moslem subject who was thrown into prison. Evidently the Sultan
 thought he would be backed by Germany, and he certainly succeeded in
 putting German diplomacy into a tight corner. It was quite impossible
 for the Kaiser to assent, even for the gratification of annoying the French,
 to the principle that the Moslem subjects of a European Power are
 at the mercy of any Sultan. So Germany had to stand aloof, while
 France brought the foolish Moor to his senses, or, at any rate, to an
 appreciation of his danger. It is characteristic of the German Press
 that France was told she must not employ military coercion. A naval
 demonstration would be "inoffensive," said the German Press, knowing
 that the Moors are insensible to the manoeuvres of war-ships. But
 any movement of French troops the German Press was not prepared to
 tolerate. The matter has been settled without its august permission.

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TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
 Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand
 words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical
 or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for
 according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether
 (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been
 sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
 With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No
 published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made
 to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully
 on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and
 Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest
 possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
 to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
 the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does
 an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"
 nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



THE GOLDEN GROUSE OF CASTLE SCHWARZBURG.

Our illustration shows the welcome-cup of Castle Schwarzburg, from which every visitor to the Castle had to drink. The bird is of silver-gilt, and the liquor, which had to be swallowed at a single draught, was contained in the cup attached to its leg.

King of Greece, who invariably contrives to time his visits "home" so that they may coincide with those of Queen Alexandra.

The King and the Scottish Volunteers.

Edinburgh will be *en fete* the whole of this week and next, and the King's visit is giving great satisfaction to the good folk of "Edinboro' town." The Scottish capital has not been favoured with many Royal pageants, but His Majesty is credited with being very fond of the Heart of Midlothian. As Prince of Wales, he spent some pleasant months of boyhood there, and he has kept up many links with the place. Scotland is proud of her civilian army, and the Scottish Volunteers are intending to muster in great force, while the Yeomanry will also be well to the front.

Lord and Lady Savile.

Lord and Lady Savile, whom the King is honouring with a visit at Rufford Abbey, are particularly well known in the diplomatic world. Lady Savile, who belongs to the family of the Wedderburns, Baronets of Balindean, Perthshire, married, as her first husband, Mr. Horace Augustus Helyar, of Coker Court, Somerset, who was her first-cousin. Mr. Helyar was in the diplomatic service, and they found many friends in the most delightful cosmopolitan society of the Continent. Mr. Helyar died in 1893, leaving an only daughter, who recently married. Lord Savile was still Mr. John Savile, a young diplomat, when Mrs. Helyar married him. She was welcomed as a daughter with the utmost delight by old Lord Savile, her new uncle, who had been so long British Ambassador in Rome. He organised magnificent entertainments at Rufford in her honour, and when he died, two years later, she mourned the stately old diplomat long and deeply. As Lady Savile she became a great social success, and was admitted, like her husband, into the really intimate circle of Marlborough House. Lord and Lady Savile have no children, and it is always said that at Lord Savile's death Rufford will pass to Lord Scarbrough, but we believe that this is a mistake and Lord Savile is free to dispose of his domain as he pleases.

A New Engagement.

The betrothal of an "elder son" is always an event of social importance, and that of Viscount Lewisham, the Earl of Dartmouth's eldest son and heir, to Lady Ruperta Carrington is notable from many points of view. Both the young people—the bridegroom-elect is only twenty-four, and his *fiancée* two years younger—are favourites at Court, for Lady Dartmouth is one of the many gifted daughters of the venerable Earl of Leicester, and Lord Carrington may be counted among the King's oldest personal friends. The wedding will therefore be the smartest of winter matrimonial functions.

Future Queens of Norway and Spain?

The politicians—and the journalists—are still busy Queen-making. Needless to say, one of their victims is the young King of Spain; the other is "the virtual Princess," Miss Alice Roosevelt. Or Miss Roosevelt the Copenhagen Correspondent of a French paper solemnly asserts that the people of Norway have already asked her several times to become their Queen. Concerning King Alfonso things are apparently less settled. The *Eclair* announces that His Most Catholic Majesty will marry Princess Ena of Battenberg, but the Madrid journal *Abeco* is less sure, and seeks a solution of the situation

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE QUEEN'S usual autumn visit to her native land takes place at an auspicious moment, for the Danish nation is naturally much interested in the conclusion of an honourable Peace between Russia and Japan. The Russian Imperial Family are much esteemed in Copenhagen, and it is hoped that the Czar, his Empress, and their children may enjoy a brief holiday under King Christian's hospitable roof-tree. In any case, it is regarded as certain that our Queen will meet while in Denmark her sisters and the

by means of the inevitable prize-competition. The editor of that paper is asking his readers the bride they deem best suited to their King. The eligible Princesses named are Patricia of Connaught, Ena of Battenberg, Victoria of Prussia, Mary Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, Gertrude of Bavaria, Olga of Cumberland, and Louise of Orleans.

Pens and Peace.

So, after all, it was not a quill with which the Portsmouth Peace Treaty was signed—or was it? for we note that one paper records that M. Witte was "offered a hundred pounds for the quill-pen used by him in signing the treaty. He refused the offer, as he intends presenting the pen to an historical museum in St. Petersburg." For the other side, we learn that "the Russian envoy used a gold pen presented by Dr. Dillon, the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, his *confrère* using a steel pen made in Japan," and that "the Russians used pen-holders brought from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. These pen-holders were made of brown-coloured wood and were tipped with black horn. The Japanese also provided their own pen-holders, which are said to have been purchased in America." That is all that can be said until those who wielded the weapons mightier than swords choose to talk of so trifling a detail. Really, what does it matter? A few years hence, and



THE KING'S HOST AND HOSTESS FOR THE DONCASTER RACES: LORD AND LADY SAVILE AT RUFFORD ABBEY, NOTTS.

The King arrived at Rufford Abbey on Monday last, and is the guest of Lord and Lady Savile until the night of Sunday next, when he will leave for Edinburgh, en route for the Highlands.

Photograph by Leonard Willoughby.

there will be quite a batch of "pens with which the Portsmouth Peace Treaty was signed" on sale, fit companions for the endless locks of hair cut from the head of Charles I. on the day of his execution, the hats worn by Nelson, the toothpicks used by Cromwell, and the pieces of Queen Victoria's wedding-cake that so often find themselves under the hammer.



THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON.

Photograph by Langlier.

London's social firmament." The daughter of a distinguished Indian official, Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden, she had the misfortune when quite a child to lose her mother, who was killed by a snake-bite in India. Her girlhood has been described as "triumphant." She possesses the irresistible combination of beauty and cleverness, the wonderful fairy-gift of doing everything well and with no perceptible effort. She was much with the Duchess of Portland and Lady Granby, and she spent a winter in Canada with Lady Minto. Moreover, like the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Asquith, she had the honour, rare for an unmarried woman, of being admitted to the exclusive companionship of the "Souls." As a young matron, rejoicing in the possession of Viscount Knebworth, aged two, the King's godson, and now also of a baby daughter, she seems to have acquired fresh charm. Her husband, who is exceptionally clever and good-looking, is regarded as one of the coming men of the Liberal Party.

The Queen of Eton. The headmaster's wife is the power behind the throne at our Public Schools, but this is not always the case at Eton, which boasts a provost as well as a "head." Now, however, as Dr. Hornby is a widower, Mrs. Lyttelton will indeed be Queen of Eton when her husband takes up the reins of government from the strong hands of Dr. Warre. She is Caroline Amy, daughter of the late Dr. John West, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and she knows and loves Eton well, for there she came as a bride when Mr. Edward Lyttelton (he has left off being a Canon) was an assistant-master. Two years later—that is to say, in 1890—she was transplanted to Haileybury. She knows the genus "boy" very well, and he, in his turn, appreciates her kindness and sympathy.

The Kaiser's Notched Forks. Most of the Crowned Heads of Europe are first-rate shots, and the Emperor William is not the least among them. When he goes out shooting a keeper accompanies him, and, when the game is roused, sticks a fork in the ground. The Kaiser places his gun in the rest and handles it pistol-fashion. For everything that is shot a notch is made in the fork, and when it is covered with marks a new one is brought into use. All these forks, the notches on which are a proof of the Emperor's skill, are carefully preserved in the Kaiser's sporting museum as a record of the bags he has made.

A Little One on Loan. Much entertainment is yielded by the ingenuous Welsh couple who recently announced an interesting event in their family as "the loan of a son." It sounds as if they had taken the baby on a kind of terminable adoption basis, and yet it is evident that he is their baby, because the announcement appears under the caption "Births." We should like to know how the infant himself regards the business. Do you

Lady Lytton. The marriage of Miss Pamela Plowden with the young Earl of Lytton was one of the social events of the Season of 1902. The King and Queen sent the bride a splendid diamond aigrette in the form of a humming-bird, and statesmen and leaders of Society vied with one another in showing their goodwill and interest in the happy and handsome pair. Mr. Balfour, indeed, once described Miss Plowden as "the brightest star in

get less pap if you are an infant on loan? It may certainly be described as a "short loan," though sure to grow longer. In that case, what interest is paid? Perhaps the interest mounts up as the loan increases in stature.

A Convict Band. At Noumea, in New Caledonia, the French authorities have founded a musical society the members of which are all convicts condemned to hard labour for life. The leader of the band is a notorious murderer, the cornet killed his master with a hammer, the saxophone strangled a man in the streets of Paris, the bugle is a dangerous "Apache," or Hooligan, the cymbal-player murdered a fellow convict, and the assistant-conductor cut his wife to pieces. This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary band in the world; but, as its members are all transported for life, there is no chance of their ever appearing in Europe.

An Archæological Discovery. The French School at Athens, which is carrying on some excavations at Delos, has just made a discovery which will attract a good deal of attention. Three leaden vases have been found in a hut in a little village. The largest of these contains about four hundred tetra-drachmas of the time of the Archons, all in a perfect state, while the two smaller ones are full of Athenian coins of various epochs, most of them very rare and all of them in excellent condition. These coins are now being examined by antiquaries and numismatists, and it is said that a good many of the accepted dates of the Athenian Republic will have to be revised.

Lord Glamis. The heir of Glamis, who comes of age on the 22nd of this month, is the eldest of six sons, and he has also three sisters. After passing through Sandhurst, Lord Glamis appropriately joined the Scots Guards, and in the famous "Jocks" he holds the rank of Lieutenant. He inherits the ability and charm of both his parents. Lady Strathmore, who is a Cavendish-Bentinck—indeed, if she had been a man she would have been Duke of Portland—is deeply attached to her historic home, Glamis Castle, of which she has written (for private circulation only) an excellent description, with an account of the family, whose tree goes back nearly five hundred years.

A Goodly Heritage. Young Lord Glamis is heir to a goodly heritage; his father succeeded last year to landed and other property valued at fully a million sterling. But the glory of such places as Glamis and Streatlam is not to be measured by any money standard. The former is the oldest inhabited castle North of the Border, and it has a secret chamber as well as a mystery concerning which the head of the family is emphatic in discouraging

indiscreet curiosity. The Castle, built of warm red stone, rises about 115 feet straight from the ground, "as if it had been there from time immemorial." There is the room in which Macbeth murdered Duncan; there are preserved Claverhouse's coat and sword. Glamis was a Royal residence when Malcolm ruled in Scotland, and remained so till the end of the fourteenth century, when it came into the possession of the Lyon family. Streatlam is a less romantic but very stately mansion standing in gloriously wooded country near Darlington.

THE WIFE OF THE NEW HEADMASTER OF ETON:
THE HON. MRS. E. LYTTELTON.

Mrs. Lyttelton first went to Eton (as a bride) when her husband was an assistant-master there, and lived there until Mr. Lyttelton went to Haileybury, a matter of two years. She has two daughters, the eldest aged fifteen, the youngest thirteen.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



THE EARL OF STRATHMORE'S HEIR: LORD GLAMIS.

Photograph by Thomson.

The German Emperor Protects Himself.

We learn—it must be confessed, without much amazement—that a hundred and twenty-five paragraphs of the German statute-book are devoted to detailing how fine or imprisonment may be earned by that most heinous of crimes, *lèse-majesté*. Words or actions, private or public, are liable to be challenged, and there is nothing—in law—to prevent one of two people talking together denouncing the other for speaking disrespectfully of the wielder of the mailed fist. There is but one publicist encouraged in Germany—the publicist of Potsdam.

The Roosevelt Boom.

The Roosevelt boom, which, with all due deference to those responsible for it, we cannot help thinking a little overdone, shows but small signs of subsiding. Markov, we are told, is to name a street after America's strenuous ruler, Vienna is likely to follow suit with a "Theodor Rooseveltstrasse," and now it is being suggested that the Peacemaker shall be nominated for the Nobel Prize. The idea comes too late for this year's distribution unless the rule that candidates be proposed before the first of February be waived, but there is every likelihood that "Teddy" will figure in the lists for 1906. Meantime, we would propose the Emperor of Japan as a rival

leathern wallet. "It has been ready for five days," he said. "You, see, there was no need for anger."

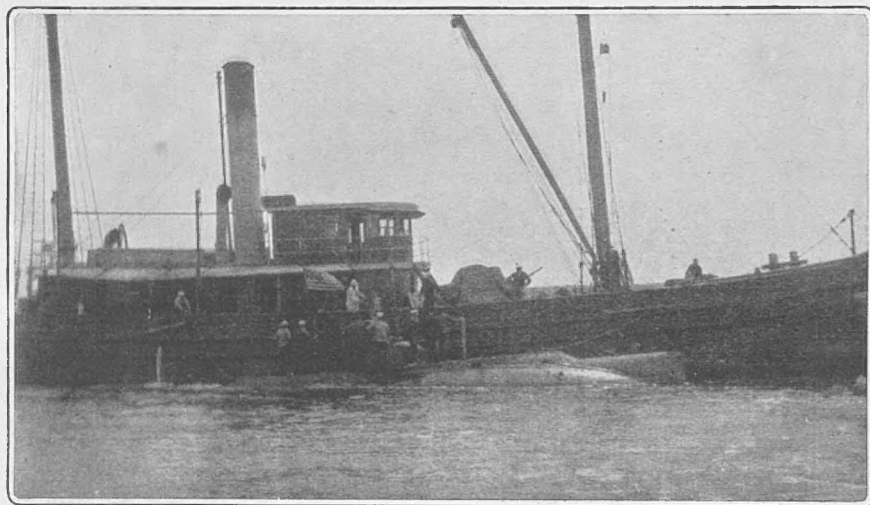
Double Dutch.

It seems that when Mynheer Dutchman wants to buy a motor-car he has to go to the shop and ask for a "snell-paardelooszoondeers-poorwegpitroolrijtuig," and he does it, too, with impunity, where an Englishman would have to put aside his jaw for repairs. This nice word means literally "the rapid-horseless-without-rails-driven-by-petroleum-thing," and it is eloquent of time's cheapness in Holland. But, with a population accustomed to tackle such verbal mountains, it must be difficult for the Dutch police to find words adequate to try those of their compatriots whom they suspect of being in an elevated condition. In our rough-and-ready land "British constitution" amply suffices, but we doubt whether even "snell-etc." would be a sufficiently crucial test in Holland.



A PICTURE PAINTED ON THE STAGE BY A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT.

The picture here illustrated has just been hung in the vestibule at the Coliseum, and has a curious history. It was painted by Professor Herkomer on the stage of his little theatre at Bushey during the performance of a play written by Mrs. Clement Scott and himself. In this play Professor Herkomer acted the part of an artist, and Mrs. Scott the part of a lady sitting to that artist. The comedy had a run of six nights, and the portrait is in the exact state it was when the curtain fell on the last performance. The painting bears the inscription, "To Mrs. Beauchamp, from her friend Charles Rackett."



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RECOGNITION OF THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE "FARFADET" DISASTER: THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE "PLUNGER," AND ITS ATTENDANT NAVAL TUG "APACHE," FITTED WITH SPECIAL DERRICKS.

The sinking of the French submarine "Farfadet" was not without its lessons, notable among them the necessity that, whenever possible, the world's newest fighting-vessels shall be accompanied by a tug fitted with the means for raising them should they sink. This lesson President Roosevelt has taken to heart, and he has now ordered that a naval tug equipped with derricks shall accompany submarines while experiments are being made. The "Plunger" is the vessel in which the President made a trip some days ago.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

candidate; after all, it was his magnanimity rather than Mr. Roosevelt's diplomacy that brought the long-desired Peace.

The Ownership of Broadway.

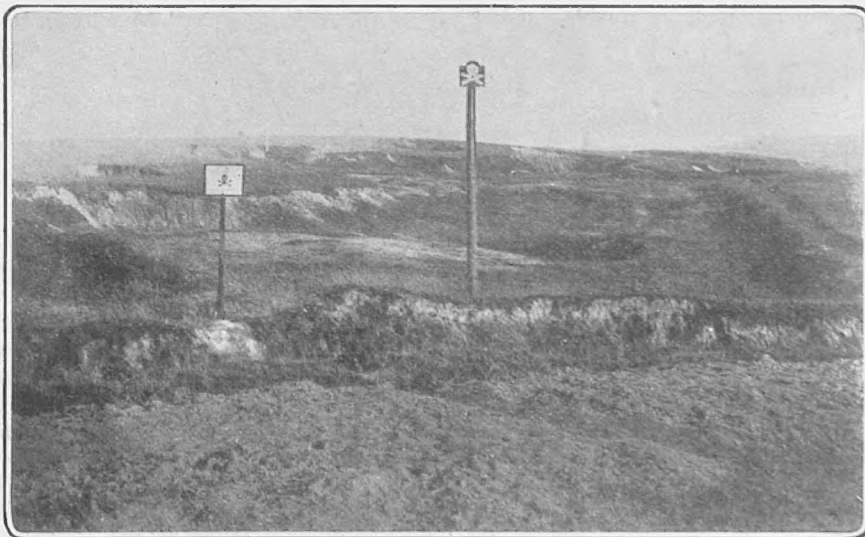
There are promises of "fat times" ahead for the lawyers of England and America. Several families, bearing the name of Abraham, living in Swansea, and claiming descent from one Robert Edwards, assert that they are the legitimate owners of nearly the whole of Broadway, New York, property valued at the trifling sum of six-and-fifty millions. Edwards, it seems, emigrated to the States a hundred and five years ago, settled on sixty-five acres of land in New York, and, later, granted a ninety-nine years' lease of that land to George III. This is the subject of the claim; the "object" is to come from the present "settlers."

Morocco—and a Story.

As might have been predicted by the least intelligent of intelligent anticipators, the Sultan of Morocco has seen the error of his ways, and has explained away, as best he could explain it, his arrogant behaviour to the Minister of France. That he should have waited until the latest moment so to do was, to those who know Morocco, quite to be expected, and the following anecdote, told to the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch* by a Frenchman who lived in Fez for many years, shows how the Oriental mind enjoys a "joke" of this kind at the expense of the European. An ultimatum had been sent to the Maghzen—we are writing of an event which happened fifteen years ago—demanding a letter of apology. No letter came, and the French Chargé d'Affaires went to the Vizier (now the Grand Vizier) Si-Feddin-Garnit to announce his departure. "Do not go!" cried the Vizier. "You are our friend. The letter only needs the Sultan's seal. It will be ready to-morrow." It was not ready on the next day, or the next; and on the third day the Chargé d'Affaires, after refusing all refreshment, declared that he was leaving Fez immediately. Whereupon Si-Feddin-Garnit drew the letter from his

The Snail Chase.

A close time for snails, and an official declaration that snails are, in future, to be looked upon as game, conjure up a curious picture to the English mind. But they are not to have "la chasse à l'escargot" in France just yet on the same lines as "la chasse au cerf," or even "la chasse au perdrix." No brave huntsmen clad in green will wake Burgundian echoes with their horns, or chase the nimble snail a-horseback over the warm red soil of the Burgundian pastures. The legal document decreeing that snails are in future to enjoy a close time, as other game does, means merely that they are not to be taken or to be sold before maturity. We do not eat the dish at home, but, well cleaned and dressed with garlic and fine herbs, the snail in Paris (the Burgundian, vine-fed snail particularly) is a delicacy. And—this for English doubters—it is essentially clean. The preparation of the escargot is complicated and minute, and, when it has been properly prepared, there is no cleaner food extant.



GRUESOME DANGER-SIGNALS: POSTS SURMOUNTED BY BOARDS BEARING THE SKULL AND CROSS-BONES ERECTED TO INDICATE THE SUBSIDENCE OF LAND OVER A MINE.

Mr. Rockefeller's Wig.

America is much exercised over Mr. Rockefeller's new wig. Hitherto, the "Oil King" has been contented with his bald pate, but lately, perhaps because he feels the draughts more than of yore, he has appeared in his favourite Baptist church in an iron-grey construction, neatly parted in the middle, which, however, fits very badly. Many a popular preacher, and many a politician too, has first won public attention by dint of some outward eccentricity in his appearance, but the spectacle of this ill-fitting wig must be destructive of edification, and it would be a graceful action for Mr. Rockefeller's fellow-worshippers to present him with one that does fit.

The Silent Stranger.

The best of all the many stories told about the "Oil King" is remarkable because it is not really about him at all. A company of shrewd American "drummers" were taking one of those interminably long journeys necessary in the great Republic, when they had as fellow-traveller a silent, reserved man whom they one and all recognised as the great Rockefeller. At the other end of the car they discussed his character, some saying that he was the cruellest man alive, and others that he had been shamefully misunderstood and maligned. They agreed to test it by "touching" him for a charity subscription. So they drew the silent man into conversation, and at length he admitted he was the "Oil King," and said he would cover with a thousand dollars every dollar they put down for a certain hospital. Naturally, he was made treasurer, and the fund mounted up merrily. Naturally, too, at the next station the silent stranger, who was not Rockefeller at all, was found to have vanished with all the subscriptions planked down by the charitable

enthusiastic nature of his physician's bulletin is evidently fully justified. That His Majesty would adhere strictly to the rules called for by the "cure" went without saying, but many will be interested to learn officially that "the King went through an excellent cure, drinking the waters of the Kreuzbrunnen daily, and taking baths every second day in the carbonic-acid waters of Ferdinand's Spring. His Majesty

observed a strict diet, took just the right amount of exercise, and leaves Marienbad in excellent health in every respect, having lost the proper amount of weight."

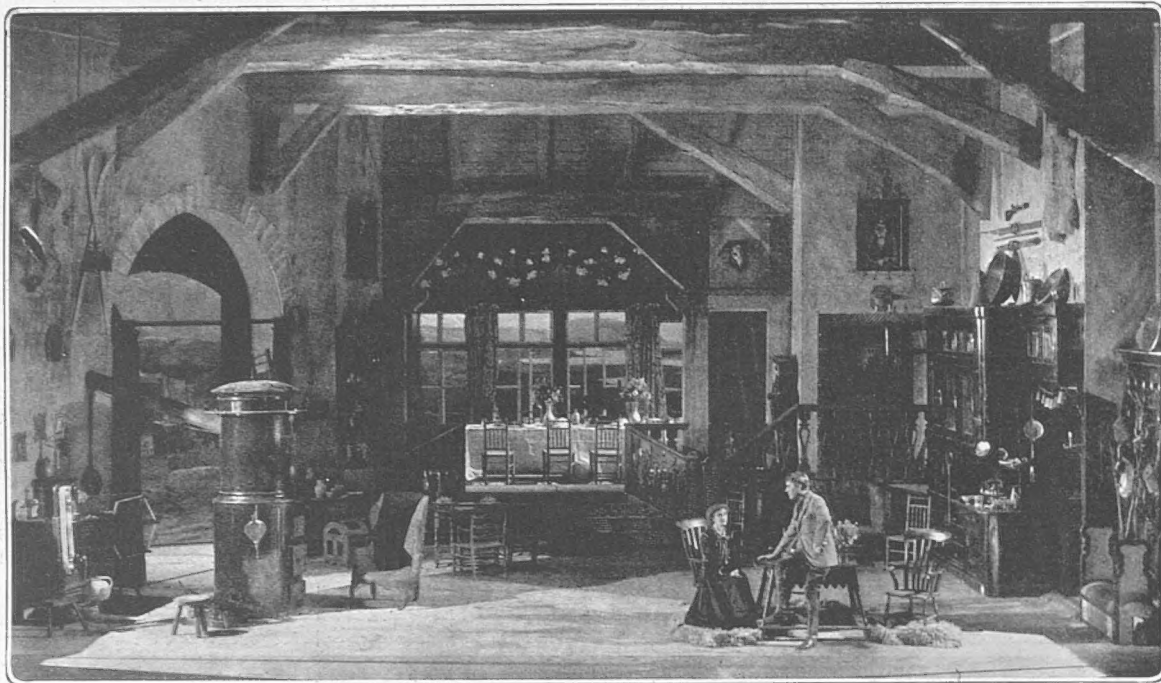
The Japanese as the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel.

A contemporary, the *Jewish World*, revives the theory that the Japanese are the lost ten tribes of Israel, remarking that it was probably inevitable that they should be sought in the Japanese, in

view of the fact that the museums of Japan contain numerous engravings purporting to show the landing of Jews in Nippon. One of the pictures cited is said to show a procession in which the Ark is discernible and in which the priests wear hats of Biblical pattern. Another depicts Solomon in the act of receiving gifts from the Queen of Sheba, while—and this is regarded as most conclusive of all—the founder of Japan's dynasty of 126 Emperors bore the same name ("Osea") as the last King of Israel ("Hoshea"), his contemporary.

Tamagno Stories.

The death of Signor Tamagno has brought forth some curious stories of the great tenor, vouched for by his impresario. It would appear that, despite the enormous sums he earned by his voice, the singer was particularly miserly. On one occasion, while living at a hotel in Moscow, he noticed that fresh candles were supplied to him daily, whether the old ones were burnt



Thora Neilsen Oscar Stephenson
(Miss Lily Hall Caine). (Mr. George Alexander).

"THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE: THE INN FARM.—OSCAR STEPHENSSON ASKS THORA WHETHER SHE IS REALLY IN LOVE WITH HIS BROTHER, MAGNUS, AND FINDS THAT SHE IS NOT.



Oscar Stephenson (Mr. George Alexander). Elin (Miss Lily Hall Caine). Magnus Stephenson (Mr. Frank Cooper). Anna (Miss Mary Rorke).

"THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE: THE INN FARM.—OSCAR STEPHENSSON RETURNS TO HIS HOME IN ICELAND, A PENITENT, UNDER THE NAME OF CHRISTIAN CHRISTIANSSON, AND OFFERS TO PAY THE INTEREST ON THE MORTGAGE ON THE FARM ON CONDITION THAT HE IS ALLOWED TO ADOPT ELIN, HIS DAUGHTER.

"drummers"! It is understood that these gentlemen still dislike to discuss the subjects of oil and hospitals.

The Result of the King's "Cure."

The King's visit to Marienbad has obviously done His Majesty an immense amount of good, and should fortify him against the many arduous if pleasant functions that he is called upon to perform during the year. Never, we are told, did His Majesty look better, and the almost

down or not. Inquiring the reason for this, he learnt that the candle-ends were the perquisites of the waiters. Thereupon he himself began to collect the candles, and on leaving the hotel he distributed the ends in lieu of tips. On another occasion, this time in Berlin, he had two poached eggs and a bottle of mineral-water for supper, and added to the latter a bottle of wine, produced from his pocket, which he had contrived to annex at a banquet given in his honour in Prague two days before.

"THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE.

Margret Neilsen
(Mrs. John Wood).

Helga Neilsen
(Miss Nancy Price).



Magnus Stephenson
(Mr. Frank Cooper).

Anna
(Miss Mary Rorke).

Oscar Neilsen
(Mr. Austin Melford).

Stephen Magnusson
(Mr. Henry Neville).

Oscar Stephenson
(Mr. George Alexander).

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ICELAND: THE PRODIGAL, ACCUSED OF FORGING HIS FATHER'S NAME ON THE BACK OF A BILL, IS ASKED WHETHER THE WOMAN IN THE CASE IS HELGA NEILSEN AND DENIES IT.



Oscar Stephenson. Dr. Olsen (Mr. Luigi Lablache).

A CASINO ON THE RIVIERA: OSCAR STEPHENSSON, CAUGHT CHEATING AT THE GAMING-TABLES, IS TOLD THAT THE ONLY HONOURABLE THING FOR HIM TO DO IS TO COMMIT SUICIDE, AND RECEIVES A REVOLVER FROM DR. OLSEN.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THIS is an age of inventions and new ideas, but not all the inventions can stand the test of use, nor is every new idea a wise one. I read that the *Echo de Paris* tried to engage the celebrated German critic, Colonel Gädke, just returned from Manchuria, to give his opinion of the manoeuvres of the French Eastern Army. This is the army that must attack or defend in case of war with Germany, and a German opinion of its merits and demerits could hardly have failed to be deeply interesting to the good people of France. To write with perfect impartiality would be a difficult task, and there is little wonder that the Colonel declined the offer. If he had declared that the Eastern Army of France was fit to go anywhere and do anything, the Chauvinists would have wanted to send it to fetch Alsace and Lorraine back to the arms of the Republic, and Colonel Gädke would have become unpopular at home; if, on the other hand, he had declared that it was not an effective force, the rank-and-file of the readers of the *Echo de Paris* would straightway have refused to believe him. If the opinion of experts were reliable, wars would become superfluous. An international Committee would consider the respective merits of two quarrelling countries and would decide which one would win in the event of a fight.

The "Distrestful Country." I read of exciting times in Old Ireland. The Sligo County Council met recently to discuss its printing contract. There were nine tenders, of which six from Dublin were not read, for Mr. O'Dowd, M.P., said they would consider nothing that came from beyond the county. Sligo tenders were respectively £1,332, £1,179, and £750. The author of the lowest was present, and when it was suggested that he should have the contract there was an uproar. One Councillor seized him by the shoulder and said that if he opened his mouth while the Council was giving the contract to Mrs. McHugh, who had put in at £1,179, he should be thrown downstairs. Mr. McHugh, M.P., husband of the lady, then addressed the house. He said that everybody knew his sufferings. He had been forced to face imprisonment and bankruptcy in the national cause, and, owing to the landlords, was compelled to trade in his wife's name. The Chairman said it would be an extraordinary thing to pass over such a patriot and give the job to another man. So the contract was given to the patriot's wife amid cheers from the gallery. If Irish local government can achieve so

sale, and, as they were in rather poor condition, the bids were small. Just as the auctioneer was about to declare the lot sold, an old Irishman clambered into the pit, called upon the auctioneer to hold his hand, and addressed the audience. He explained that he was the owner of the calves, that they came from Ould Oireland, that he had



MAKING THE CHIEF PORT OF TEXAS STORM-PROOF:
GALVESTON'S NEW SEA-WALL.

The wall is built of solid concrete made of Texas granite and Portland cement. It weighs 40,000 pounds to the lineal foot, is built upon a round-pile foundation (each pile being forty-five feet long), and measures sixteen feet at the base and five feet across the top. When the grade-raising is completed to the summit of the wall, the top of the embankment for about fifty feet from the sea-wall will be protected by a pavement.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

great expenses, that the bastes were worth a lot more, and that the assembly must bid a bit more for animals that had travelled so far and had been so well brought up. For fully five minutes the eloquent calf-owner held the floor, and he positively persuaded an assembly of Scottish farmers to give him some shillings per head more than they had intended. Then he divided a knowing wink among the company and retired to his corner. The only man who seemed a little ruffled by the incident was the auctioneer who was so palpably beaten at his own game.

The Open Church-Door.

My morning paper, surrendering late in the year to Silly Season influences, has allowed divers clerics to discuss the ethics of the open door. It is rather a scandal that the churches of this country should be locked up so often, and the defences put forward by certain reverend gentlemen are not very convincing. All over the Latin countries places of worship are left open, and the fact that the Hooligan is more common in our midst does not justify the locks and bolts. The traveller, be he pedestrian or cyclist, or even a poor, persecuted motorist, has some natural right to a brief spell of the rest and repose associated with an old church happily set amid green trees and flowering God's Acre. Such influences as the place affords must needs be helpful, and it may be that some who came to rest will remain to pray. Apart from this, you may sober the Hooligan by the help of the church; you will never succeed in thinning his ranks by locking the church against him. Country clergymen please note.

The Silver Pool.

Now that the law has decided between the tenants of Beaufort Castle and the injured fishermen who were shot while netting salmon, it is permissible to point out certain aspects of the case that must appeal to tenants of shooting. It is notorious that many men who let their shootings to strangers are either unable or unwilling to control their own keepers, stalkers, or fishermen. The result is that the tenant is regarded as a milch-cow. From the small shootings on which the rabbits are snared and the partridges netted, up to the very big ones where deer and salmon are the prey, this system of petty robbery spreads, and is doing a lot to bring into disrepute the fashion of paying high rent for places that are indifferently protected. Though the gun-firing was quite indefensible, it is clear that the salmon-netting that provoked it almost amounted to poaching.



MAKING THE CHIEF PORT OF TEXAS STORM-PROOF:
GALVESTON'S NEW SEA-WALL.

The occasional overflows of the Gulf and the great damage consequent upon them caused the building of Galveston's sea-wall, one of the most gigantic engineering undertakings of recent years. The wall is of solid concrete, four and a-half miles in length and seventeen feet high, and the city's grade is being elevated to the level of the top of it.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

much, why deny Home Rule? I am sure there are enough patriots to fill up all the vacant places and fulfil all contracts that showed a working profit.

The Persuasive Irishman.

Such a scene as this recalls to my mind a cattle-sale that I attended in a Scottish market-town. The place was filled with long-headed Scots who did not seem likely to part with sixpence more than was absolutely necessary, and prices ruled low. Some calves came into the ring for

"DR. WAKE'S PATIENT," AT THE ADELPHI.



Dr. Wake (Mr. C. M. Hallard). A Gipsy (Miss Ina Pelly). Mrs. Wake (Mrs. E. H. Brooke).
DR. FORRESTER WAKE HAS HIS FORTUNE TOLD BY A GIPSY.



Dr. Wake. Mrs. Wake. Andrew Wake (Mr. Charles Rock).
MRS. WAKE PRESENTS HER SON WITH SOME HOME-MADE WINE



Andrew Wake Lady Gerania Wyn-Charteret (Miss Lillian Braithwaite). Janifer (Miss Pamela Hope). Lord St. Olbyn (Mr. Alfred Brydone). Lady St. Olbyn (Miss Hilda Thorpe). Mrs. Wake.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ST. OLBYN COME TO FETCH THEIR DAUGHTER, LADY GERANIA WYN-CHARTERET, AFTER HER FALL FROM HER HORSE.



Harriet Bronson Lady St. Olbyn Lady Gerania (Miss Edith Ostlere). Duff Wynterden (Mr. W. Gayer Mackay).

WAITING TO SEE DR. WAKE AT 127A, HARLEY STREET.

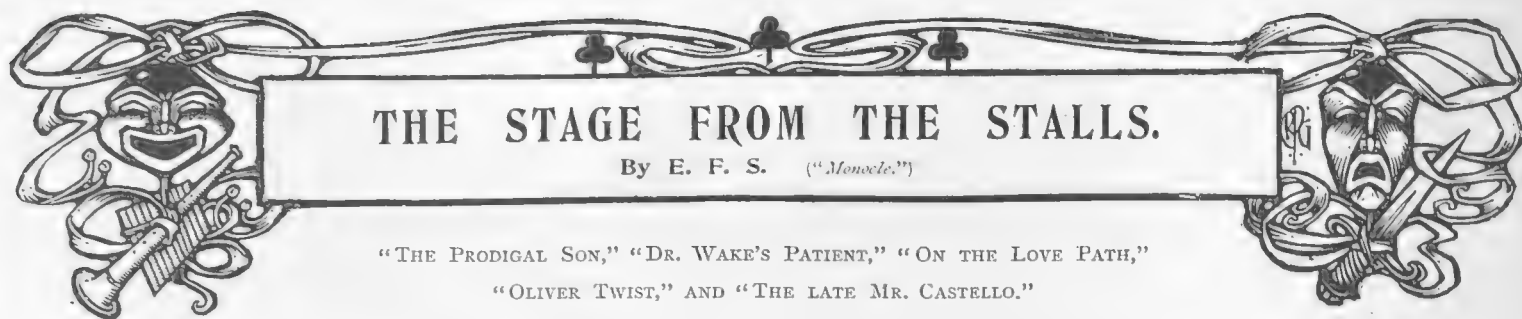


Lady Gerania. Mrs. Wake. Dr. Wake.

DR. WAKE PERSUADES LADY GERANIA TO RETURN HOME.

Lady Gerania is thrown from her horse, injures her arm, and is lent first-aid by a considerate stranger, with the inevitable result that the lady and the stranger fall in love, without, however, learning one another's names. Then follow intervals for pining, and the lady's health is so far affected that she is taken to see a London physician, who, need it be said, is discovered to be the mysterious and helpful stranger. All, then, should be well, but, with fierce determination to aid the playwrights by giving them a plot, the doctor imagines that his patient is in love with a third party, decides that that third party is his friend, and promptly congratulates him. Later, being an all-believing man, he is disillusioned on this point by finding his friend embracing another lady. Then appear the aristocratic parents of Lady Gerania and the humble parents of the doctor, the peer is shocked by the plebeians and a wedding between members of the two families is declared impossible. Next comes the acting chance of Andrew and Mrs. Wake, who offer to cut themselves away from their son's life in order that he may marry the girl of his choice—upon which the Earl gives way and his blessing.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE PRODIGAL SON," "DR. WAKE'S PATIENT," "ON THE LOVE PATH,"
"OLIVER TWIST," AND "THE LATE MR. CASTELLO."

IF Drury Lane has not some trouble in arranging for the pantomime it will be surprising, for "The Prodigal Son" threatens to have a prodigious success. In it an effort is made to raise the standard of Drury Lane drama. The most popular of our novelists (unless the vogue of Miss Marie Corelli be greater than that of Mr. Hall Caine) has dramatised one of his most successful novels and produced his best play, all the resources in money, men, and mounting of the great theatre have been placed at his command, and a "star" Company has been engaged. What more could be done to command success? From the first picturesque tableau to the three pictures which show the happy-ever-after ending the house seemed delighted, and the big scenes of passion thrilled the enormous audience. There may be some who question the actual artistic value of the play, but they cannot doubt the sincerity of Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Arthur Collins, and, even if the curious traditions of the theatre in the matter of ethics may have somewhat affected the playwright, one must recognise the fact that a violent change of style would be very dangerous, probably fatal, and also that it would be perilous suddenly to raise the standard of probability. They have endeavoured to put as

much new idea into old formulæ as is consistent with safety. As a result, even the lack of comic relief seems hardly a danger. Certainly there were roars of laughter whenever Mrs. John Wood, who played with her accustomed spirit and energy, opened her mouth: it is to be hoped that her part, at present very short, may be lengthened. Of course, the tale, the more than twice-told tale, need not be repeated. There can hardly be man, woman, or child in the land capable of reading a newspaper who does not know all about the history of Mr. Hall

Caine's prodigal son, whose story is quite unlike that of the Bible. It is, perhaps, a little audacious to present such a subject, for Oscar is about the meanest hound ever chosen as hero of a melodrama; and, even when reformed and famous, acts with a strange, blind cruelty towards those whom he has wronged and professes to love. Possibly to say this is to pry too closely into the secrets of stagecraft—for it is obvious that if he had behaved like a man quite a different fourth Act would be necessary. Now the present fourth Act is deemed beautiful by the vast majority, and the great voice of the people would be against anyone who uttered carping criticisms concerning it.

The Casino scene is bound to make a big sensation with its wonderful picture and its crowds of gorgeously clad revellers, and its strange conclusion, where the lovely Helga, though dazed and almost heart-broken at the announcement of Oscar's suicide, is chaired as Venus and almost smothered by showers of roses. In this Mr. Hall Caine certainly reaches his best dramatic effect. Miss Nancy Price, who acted with splendid energy as the naughty Helga, looked superb as Queen of the heartless gang of merry-makers. Probably the audience were more moved by the event-crowded scenes of the earlier and better Acts, in which they were shown Oscar's swift descent from the light-hearted egoist to the cruel criminal who breaks the hearts of wife, mother, father, and brother. Mr. Alexander in the part was quite at his best: he thrilled the house in the big scenes and deeply moved it

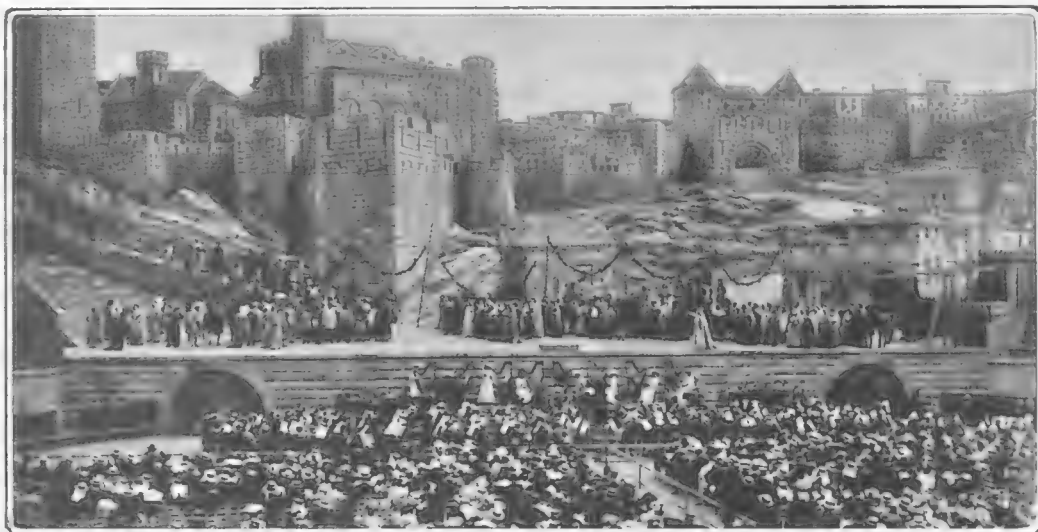
in the quieter passages. Mr. Frank Cooper, as Magnus, the good brother, showed a great deal of power and sense of character. Miss Hall Caine played with touching sincerity as the unhappy wife, and represented the child Elin very prettily. Nothing could be better than Miss Mary Rorke's performance as the mother of Oscar.

"Dr. Wake's Patient" and "On the Love Path," the new pieces at the Adelphi and Haymarket respectively, are really similar in style and belong to artificial light-comedy with touches of farce, and, in the case of the latter, a note of melodrama, and in neither is there any serious effort at presenting human life. The greater freshness of style shown by Mr. McLellan and the novelty of his humour give the Haymarket work a little advantage, which may, however, be counter-balanced by the more homely tone and sentimental feeling of the play by Messrs. Mackay and "Ord." Both caused a great deal of laughter, more hearty, perhaps, in "Dr. Wake's Patient," more constant during the love adventures of Mr. Arthur Taunton, who won a *divorce* as wife and lost an Earldom gladly to win her: whether further acquaintance with her rather tiresome father-in-law, cleverly presented

by Mr. Arthur Williams, might not cause him to regret the loss and the winning is a doubtful question. Neither work need be considered seriously, each forms a pleasant entertainment, and both are capably acted. As regards the Adelphi play, one must single out Mr. Mackay, part-author, who gave a clever, droll sketch of a sort of "dude"; Mr. C. M. Hallard, a capital lover, is hardly suggestive of a fashionable physician; Miss Lilian Braithwaite was charming as the heroine, in which part she acted better than ever before save in "The Finding of Nancy";

Mr. Charles Rock was admirable as the bluff farmer; Mrs. E. T. Brooke, a charming old lady; and Miss Hilda Thorpe made a "hit" as an aristocrat. In "On the Love Path," Miss Ellis Jeffreys comes first with a brilliant performance; and Miss Jessie Bateman and Miss Forbes-Robertson, in parts rather small for them, acted cleverly. Mr. Gerald du Maurier had quite a triumph, though he is a little too boyish; Mr. Eric Lewis, as usual, was very amusing; and Mr. Edmund Maurice gave a capital piece of acting.

"Oliver Twist," at His Majesty's, was dealt with at full length when it made its first appearance at the end of the summer season. It now reappears with a few changes in the cast. Miss Nellie Bowman, for instance, takes Miss Hilda Trevelyan's part as Oliver with considerable success, and Miss Lettice Fairfax as Rose Maylie and Miss Jennie Lee as Mrs. Bedwin do much to help the sentimental side of the play. But its strength lies, of course, in the criminal side, and here we have Mr. Tree, Mr. Lyn Harding, and Miss Constance Collier, all excellent and grimly terrible as before. The other event of the week has been an entertaining revival of Mr. Grundy's ingenious little farce, "The late Mr. Castello," by the Mermaid Repertory Theatre at Great Queen Street. It was put on in a hurry, but excellently played in spite of that by Mr. Theodore Wright, Miss Ada Potter, Miss Margaret Bussé, Mr. Ben Field, and Mr. Eric Blind.



A NEW OPERA: THE PRODUCTION OF "HÉRÉTIQUES," BY MM. FERDINAND HÉROLD AND CHARLES LEVADÉ, AT THE THÉÂTRE DES ARÈNES, BÉZIERS.

Special interest attached to the production of "Hérétiques" at the Théâtre des Arènes, as the plot of the opera is founded on an incident in the history of Béziers. The famous arena has been the scene of the first presentation of several important works, including Gluck's "Armide." The words of the opera are by M. Hérold, the music by M. Levadé.

Photograph by Bois-Guillot.

"AN ANGEL UNAWARES," AT TERRY'S.



MISS FANNY BROUGH, WHO IS PLAYING MISS HELEN BENTON IN MR. ROBERT VERNON HARCOURT'S COMEDY. "An Angel Unawares," produced at Terry's last night (the 12th), was presented for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Bournemouth, on July 31. Miss Fanny Brough is playing her original part during her season at Terry's.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE KING'S CLUBS.

IT will probably come quite as an item of news to many people to learn that King Edward's name is included in the membership-lists of more than a dozen Clubs in the United Kingdom. These are of every description—sporting, social, military, and theatrical—excepting those established for political purposes. Of course, now that he has come to the throne His Majesty's connection with his Clubs is necessarily of a much less intimate nature than was formerly the case, and his membership is for the most part merely an honorary one. In the days when he was Prince of Wales, however, he was a constant visitor to several of them, and there were few afternoons then when he might not have been seen chatting with his acquaintances in the smoking-room of the Marlborough Club.

To a great extent, this Club, which was founded in 1869 and is situated at No. 52, Pall Mall (thus being but the space of a few buildings from Marlborough House), was established by His Majesty. Its membership is limited to five hundred, and has always been confined to King Edward's personal friends and acquaintances. Consequently, if a man is on its books he has an undisputed passport into the highest Society.

In addition to the one just mentioned, His Majesty belongs to four other Clubs in Pall Mall. These are the Guards', the Army and Navy, the United Service, and the United University. The first of these, as its name implies, was established solely for officers belonging to the Brigade of Guards, and was founded as long ago as the year 1813. It takes the place of a regimental mess for the commissioned ranks, and one of its rules is that no stranger shall be admitted to any part of its premises except the hall. Another regulation absolutely forbids the playing of round games at cards.

The Army and Navy Club is half in Pall Mall and half in St. James's Street. Modelled after the manner of a famous Venetian palace, the building is a most imposing one. Altogether it cost, to

erect and furnish, no less than £116,000. "The Rag" (as this institution is nicknamed) was first opened in its present quarters in 1851. Before this the members were accommodated in an adjacent house. King Edward has been its "patron" for many years past, and among its distinguished members are Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller, V.C. Candidates for "The Rag" are ruthlessly "black-balled" in the event of there being one adverse vote in ten when they face the ballot.

The principal military Club in

the kingdom is the United Service, at 116, Pall Mall. It is always known as "The Senior," and has many distinguished veterans among its members. The oldest of them, until his death some while ago, was Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel, who joined in the year 1846. Earl Roberts and Lord Wolseley have also belonged to it for a considerable period. His Majesty's connection with the Club dates from many years back. "The Senior" is regarded as a somewhat old-fashioned institution, and the

introduction of modern appliances in it is still much-resented by a section of the members. It is said, for example, that a proposal to instal electric-light and to construct a passenger-lift nearly led to the Committee resigning. For all this, however, the different rooms are exceedingly comfortable.

Though not exactly in Pall Mall, the Junior United Service Club (which is also honoured by His Majesty's patronage) is within a stone's-throw of that classic thoroughfare. Founded in 1827, "The Junior" has long been the London meeting-place of distinguished naval and military officers. It is one of the few Clubs of which Lord Kitchener is a member, and on the rare occasions when he had half-an-hour to spare "K. of K." might have been seen lunching in the coffee-room. Among those to whom the honorary membership has been extended may be mentioned the German Emperor and the King of the Belgians. The great Duke of Wellington was one of the Club's first "patrons."

The last Pall Mall Club with which King Edward is connected is the United University. He became a member of this in 1863, and at one time visited it frequently. Established in 1822, this Club is one of the oldest in London. The membership is limited to one thousand graduates of the two Universities, and is composed largely of Bishops, clerical dignitaries of all degrees, Judges, and Cabinet Ministers. For an entrance-fee the substantial

sum of forty guineas is imposed, while the annual subscription is comparatively modest—to be precise, eight pounds.

The remaining Service Clubs to which the King belongs are the Naval and Military and the Cavalry, both of which are situated in Piccadilly. The former of these is nicknamed "The In and Out," and is established in the old residence of Lord Palmerston. It was founded in 1862 by some officers of a Line regiment then quartered at the Tower, and commenced with a hundred and fifty members. The total membership now is two thousand.

King Edward is a "patron" of the Cavalry Club, and among the honorary members are the German Emperor and the officers of the German Dragoons of the Guard. The ordinary membership-list contains about twelve hundred names. As its name implies, the Club was established solely in the interests of officers of mounted corps.

King Edward's social Clubs include (in addition to the Marlborough) the Garrick and the Savage. The former of these is frequented by the best-known dramatists, actors, and literary men of the day, its members including Sir Henry Irving, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. A. W. Pinero. The Savage Club prides itself on its "Bohemianism," and makes a great feature of its Saturday-night dinners. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was made an honorary life member about twenty years ago.

The sporting Clubs with which His Majesty is associated are the Turf and the Royal Thames, in London. He belongs as well, however, to several provincial ones which have been founded for the benefit of yachtsmen. The Turf has handsome and commodious premises at 85, Piccadilly, and the Royal Thames is installed at No. 7, Albemarle Street, W. This latter was established in 1823, and received its Admiralty Warrant (entitling members to fly an ensign) in 1842.

HORACE WYNDHAM.



THE NAVAL AND MILITARY, 94, PICCADILLY.

Photograph by Topical Press.



THE CAVALRY, 127, PICCADILLY.

Photograph by Topical Press.



THE GUARDS', 70, PALL MALL.

Photograph by Topical Press.

THE KING'S CLUBS.



1. THE UNITED UNIVERSITY, 1, SUFFOLK STREET.

2. THE ARMY AND NAVY, 36, PALL MALL.

3. THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE, CHARLES STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

4. THE MARLBOROUGH, 52, PALL MALL.

5. THE TURF, 85, PICCADILLY.

6. THE SAVAGE, 6 AND 7, ADELPHI TERRACE.

7. THE UNITED SERVICE, 116 AND 117, PALL MALL.

WHEN IT WOULD BE FOLLY TO BE WISE.



THE MOTORIST: Funny thing they can't keep this road in better order. Seems to me absurdly bumpy.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

EMBARRASSING RIVALRY ON THE TURF.



THE OWNER (*to jockey, who has won easily*): What the dickens do you mean by winning? I paid you to lose!
 THE JOCKEY: I know, Guv'nor. But, yer see, I 'ad a bit on the old 'oss myself.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM," AT THE CRITERION.



Sin Chong
(Mr. M. R. Morand)

Lieutenant Armitage
(Mr. Henry A. Lytton).

Lieutenant Chippendale Belmont
(Mr. Lawrence Grossmith).

LIEUTENANT REGINALD ARMITAGE AND HIS FRIEND "CHIPPY" ARRIVE AT THE BUNGALOW ON THE SEASHORE, JAPAN.



SIN CHONG TELLS OF THE DELIGHTS OF LONDON AND ITS SIGHTS.

Photographs by the Play Pictorial Publishing Company.

A NEW-COMER AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



MISS WINIFRED HART-DYKE, WHO MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE VAUDEVILLE ON SATURDAY LAST IN A DANCE ARRANGED BY MR. HARTLEY MILBURN.

"The Catch of the Season" entered its second year and its second edition on Saturday last, when Miss Hart-Dyke joined the cast. The occasion was also marked by several new numbers, including songs for Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Hilda Jacobsen, Miss Hilda Jeffreys, Master Valchera, and Mr. Stanley Brett.

Photograph by Hyatt, Rembrandt Studio.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MORE announcements for the autumn season are being made, and the prospect altogether seems very good. One of the most popular books of the season will doubtless be "Captains All," by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The same firm promise a volume, "Mr. Lion of London," by J. J. Bell, the author of "Wee Macgregor." They will also publish "The Cherry Riband," by Mr. S. R. Crockett; "The Red Reaper," by Mr. J. A. Steuart; "White Fire," by Mr. John Oxenham; "The Claim-Jumpers," by Mr. Stewart Edward White; "The Pilot of Swan Creek," by Ralph Connor; and "On Company's Service," by Mr. Pett Ridge.

Messrs. A. and C. Black continue to maintain their pre-eminence in books with coloured pictures. They are publishing a "Beautiful Birthday Book," which will contain a coloured picture for every month in the year by Miss Gertrude Hammond. It is an art-volume, and is meant to lie on one's table to show to friends, and be a delight and, above all, a novelty. Miss Hammond takes quotations from authors like Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and Browning as the subjects of her drawings.

The English branch of Messrs. Harper is being developed with much energy. They are to publish Mr. Watts-Dunton's new novel, for which he has chosen the title of "Carniola." This recalls "Catriona," and there will doubtless be controversies about the proper way to pronounce it. The scene is partly laid in Hungary, and I venture to predict that Gipsies will figure in the story. Messrs. Harper have also secured the new novel of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, which is to be entitled "The Travelling Thirds." Mrs. Atherton had two subjects in her mind—the early life of Napoleon and the career of Aaron Burr, the American statesman—but I presume these are postponed in the meantime.

Messrs. Methuen have secured Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, "A Servant of the Public," which is said to describe the private life of a famous actress. The same firm are to issue Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's new novel, "Brendle," a story of warring temperaments. Mr. Pickthall achieved a wonderful success in his Eastern story, "Said the Fisherman," but he has yet to prove himself at home in English life.

That excellent scholar Professor W. P. Ker has collected a volume of his essays on Mediæval Literature. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan. Among the contents will be the paper on Froissart and his English translator which attracted attention when published in the "Tudor Classics."

The indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is to publish the "Life of Charles Dickens as Revealed in his Writings." Though Mr. Fitzgerald knew Dickens, I am afraid that not much is to be expected from his biography. He has already told all he knows, or I am much mistaken. Perhaps I should qualify this statement by saying that Mr. Fitzgerald is too well aware of the proprieties of biography

to publish all that he knows. In connection with Dickens, the puzzle of the unfinished story, "Edwin Drood," is being discussed again, and Mr. Andrew Lang handles it in a volume which Messrs. Chapman and Hall are to publish shortly.

Professor Oliver Elton, a careful scholar, is to publish with Messrs. Constable a biographical and critical study of Michael Drayton. There is room for the book. Messrs. Constable are also issuing a reprint of Disraeli's Life of Lord George Bentinck, with an introduction by Mr. Charles Whibley.

Of all the books announced, I anticipate with most interest Mr. E. V. Lucas's Life of Charles and Mary Lamb. It has been Mr. Lucas's aim to collect into one narrative all that has come to

light since the issue of Talfourd's "Final Memorials," and he gives the story of the Lambs in their own words as far as possible, so that his part, he writes, will be found to be less that of author than of stage-manager. There are a number of illustrations, including some pictures of Lamb and a reproduction of the head of Samuel Salt, modelled in wax by Lamb's father. At the end of Volume II. is a series of four appendices containing a note on the portraits of Lamb, a reprint of the Poetical Pieces of John Lamb senior, and an account of Lamb's principal "Commonplace Book" and of his library. The index contains a chronological table of Charles Lamb's life. Mr. Lucas, in his preface, deplors the want of a public memorial to Charles and Mary Lamb. Outside of the tablet in Edmonton Church, the English people, as a whole, have done nothing in the way of "a national expression of admiration or love for one who was at once perhaps the sweetest, sanest, and most human of English prose-writers."

I read in an American paper that when Mr. Alfred Ollivant's book, "Bob," was published in the United States, it did not sell at first. A bookseller in Milwaukee became interested in the book, and bought it in lots of twenty-five; it began to have friends who recommended it, and now about 51,000 copies have been sold. There

is no doubt the bookseller can do much when he becomes enthusiastic over a new volume.

We shall never hear the last of Stevenson. This is not a threat. It is a statement of a fact. His widow is busy writing introductions to the new American edition of his books, and his step-daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, has plans for a novel laid in Samoa and in an Australian city. She will describe the places to which Robert Louis Stevenson went in her company.

The death is announced of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who for a whole generation has edited that admirable magazine, *Saint Nicholas*. Mrs. Dodge was a woman of charming personality, as may be seen from the memoir of L. M. Alcott, the authoress of "Little Women." Her book, "The adventures of Hans Brinker," was widely circulated and very much appreciated by American children.

o. o.



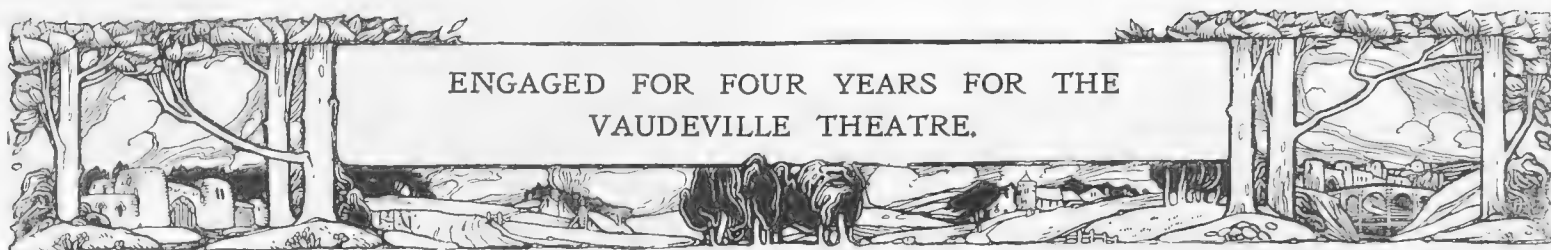
AT THE LOCAL THEATRE.

"Any 'arf-price fer kids?"

"No!"

"I thought not. Then give me one pit-stall."

DRAWN BY THE LATE R. C. CARTER.



MISS CRISSY BELL.

MISS BELL, WHO IS FOURTEEN, IS A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE HENRY BEAUCHAMP.

Photograph by Bassano.

COINS AS ORNAMENTS FOR BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD.



AS BODICE-ORNAMENTS IN BAVARIA.

AS A NECKLACE IN BAVARIA.

AS A NECKLACE IN ITALY.

AS A NECKLACE IN LAHORE.

AS EAR-RINGS IN ITALY.

AS A HEAD-ORNAMENT IN ALGERIA.

AS BODICE-ORNAMENTS IN BAVARIA.

AS A HEAD-DECORATION IN ALGERIA.

Photographs by Michel, Abeniacar, Fleischmann, and Trant.

MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE IN "THE LITTLE MICHUS."



THE EMPIRE'S PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AS MLLE. ST. CYR AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

"THE SONG OF HIAWATHA"



1. THE INDIAN PLAYERS ARRIVING AND SINGING THE "CANOE CHORUS."

4. PAU-PUK-KEEWIS DANCING BEFORE THE LODGE OF MINNEHAHA AND NOKOMIS.

7. HIAWATHA LAYING A DEER AT THE FEET OF MINNEHAHA.

2. THE ARRIVAL OF "THE MINNEHAHA."

5. PAU-PUK-KEEWIS IN

8. THE CAMP OF THE

Concerning "The Song of Hiawatha," acted by Ojibway Indians, Mr. Henry Hale writes in the New York "Critic": "In a far-away part of the Canadian province of Ontario is yearly enacted a play which is one of the most remarkable dramas ever conceived, for the theatre is a corner of the American wilderness, and the players are the original natives of this wilderness—the Indians. With but one exception the various characters are taken by warriors and squaws. . . . The Ojibways are among the least known of the tribes of Canada . . . their favourite camping-ground in summer is one of the most picturesque spots on the shore of Lake Huron, near the mouth of the Desbarats River. Here, a few years ago, came a white explorer. . . . He became . . . friendly with the Indians and, . . . merely to entertain them, he told them of the famous poem of Hiawatha written by Longfellow. . . . Then the Ojibways told him that the story

By courtesy of "The Critic and

ACTED BY OJIBWAY INDIANS.



ROBE CHIEF, THE PALE-FACE,"

ING HIS PURSUERS.

OJIBWAY PLAYERS.

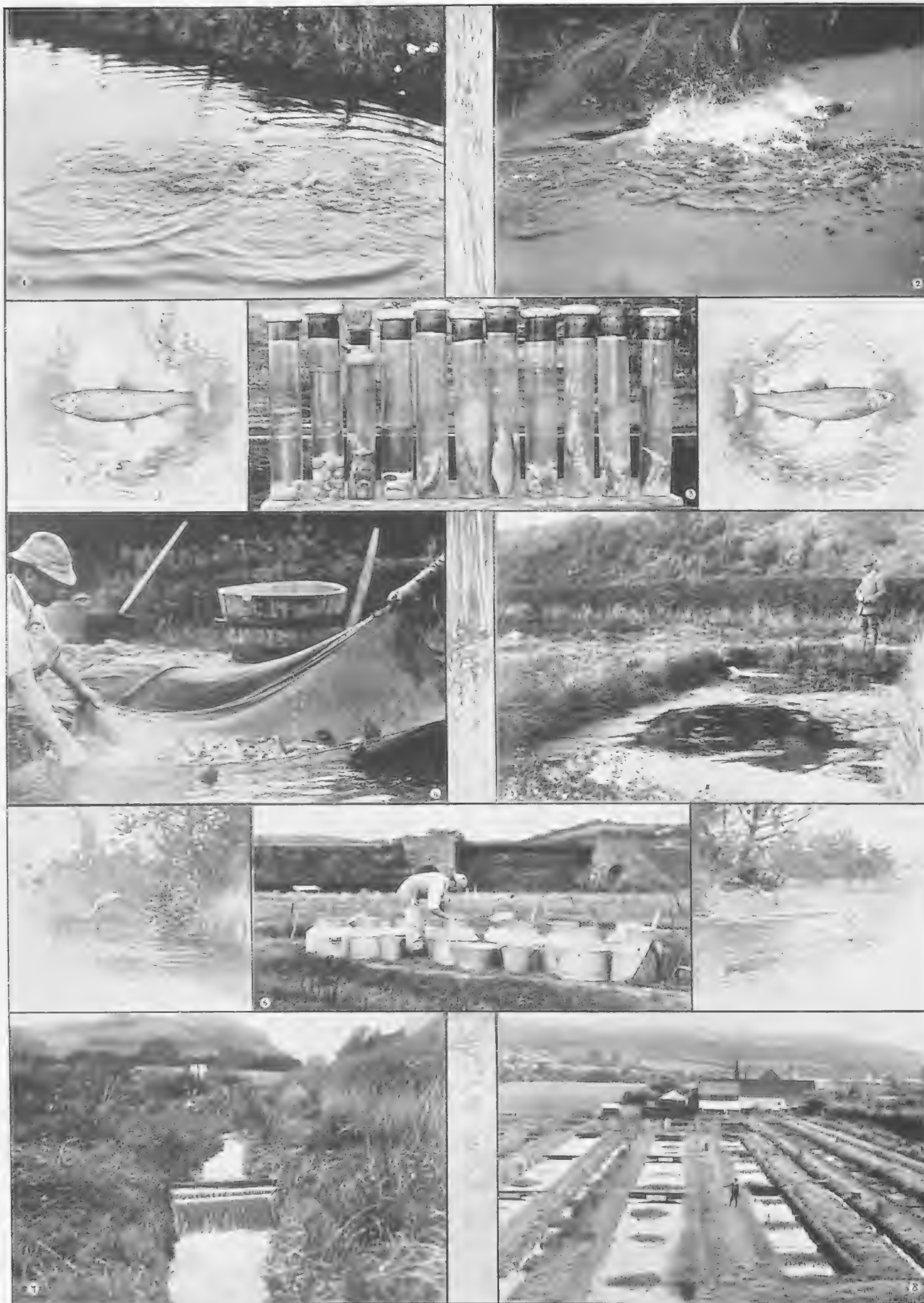
3. THE ISLAND STAGE.

6. THE PURSUIT OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

9. THE OJIBWAY PIPE-DANCE AT THE WEDDING-FEAST.

had been handed down to them by their ancestors as one of the legends of the tribe. The idea occurred to the white man that the Ojibways could present the principal scenes of *Hiawatha* in this natural theatre, and he endeavoured to instruct them, with such success that, as already stated, each summer they give a production which has become almost as famous in its way as the Passion Play at Oberammergau has become to the people of Northern Europe. . . . The auditorium is a natural amphitheatre on shore; the stage, a small artificial island. . . . The cast of characters includes *Hiawatha*, *Minnehaha*, *Pau-Puk-Keewis*, *Chibiabos*, *Iagoo*, *Nokomis*, the *Arrow Maker*, and some of the minor characters in Longfellow's poem. . . . *Showano*, a full-blooded Ojibway . . . presents *Hiawatha*. . . . Among the players is a woman who is probably the oldest actress in the world, for the squaw who takes the part of *Nokomis* is over eighty years of age."

TROUT-BREEDING: SCENES AT THE EXE VALLEY FISHERY.



1 AND 2. FEEDING-TIME, SHOWING THE DISTURBANCE OF THE SURFACE OF THE WATER BY THE RISING OF THE FISH.

3. 'TROUT' OVA' AND THE FISH AT VARIOUS AGES.

From left to right the jars contain, preserved in a solution of formalin, trout ova before incubation; the ova within a few days of hatching, showing eye-spots and the formation of fish in the egg; eyed ova and alevius, or newly-hatched trout; alevius soon after hatching; trout fry about six weeks after hatching and nearly ready to take food; fry shortly after commencing to feed; fry taken from ponds in May; alevius with two heads, freaks which never survive the alevius stage; "feeding-fry," i.e., fry old enough to be turned into the rearing-ponds; alevius several weeks after hatching; some more "twins."

4. NETTING TWO-YEAR-OLD TROUT.

5. FEEDING THE FRY.

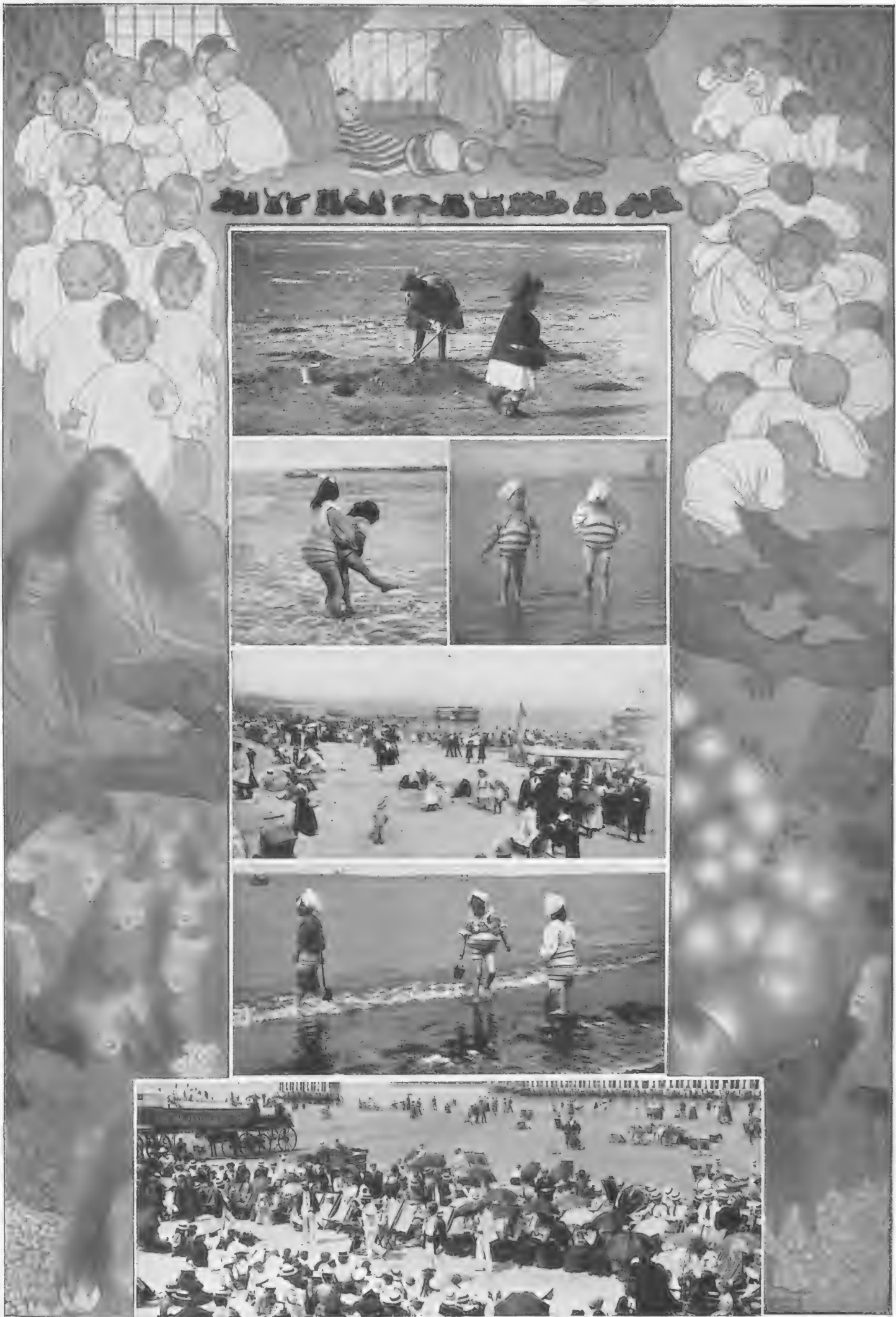
6. TRAVELLING-TRUNKS IN WHICH THE TROUT ARE DESPATCHED TO THEIR DESTINATION.

7. WATER-CRESS AND MIMULUS BEDS THROUGH WHICH THE WATER IS RUN BEFORE IT ENTERS THE REARING-PONDS.

8. FRY AND YEARLING PONDS.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

CHILDHOOD'S HOUR: ON THE SEASHORE.



SOME CHILD STUDIES.

“JOHN BULL’S OTHER ISLAND,” AT THE COURT.



1. MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AS KEEGAN.

2. MR. WILFRED SHINE AS BARNEY DORAN.

3. MR. A. E. GEORGE AS MATTHEW HAFFIGAN.

4. MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AS KEEGAN AND
MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS NORA.

5. MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS NORA.

6. MR. LOUIS CALVERT AS BROADBENT AND
MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS NORA.

The Court Theatre opened with a revival of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" on Monday last. This will extend over six weeks, and will be followed by "Man and Superman."

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—XIV. SOMERSET.



1. BRAUND. 2. L. C. H. PALAIRET. 3. CRANFIELD. 4. ROBSON. 5. A. E. NEWTON. 6. F. M. LEE. 7. S. M. J. WOODS (CAPTAIN).
8. LEWIS. 9. C. E. BROWN. 10. E. S. M. POYNTZ. 11. RICHARDSON. 12. H. MARIYN. 13. NORTH.

Photographs by Foster.

IMPETUOUS YOUTH!



"Oh, mother, do come further out. I want to get wet!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

Some Social Pests.



V.—THE CLOTH-CUTTERS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



MISS ELSIE KAY,
WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.
Photographs by Bassano.

I.
 "I THINK she's simply divine!"

He was very young—probably, hardly of age—and he threw out this opinion with all the certainty of experience.

The other man leaned back in his chair and surveyed him from under half-closed eyelids through a haze of cigar-smoke. There was a slight smile on his lips, but his moustache and the smoke served to conceal it from the boy on the hearth-rug.

By way of reply to the latter's remark, the elder man jerked his thumb in the direction of a third person, a man who was poring over a drawer of insects in a remote corner.

"Oh, he don't mind," said young Bob Hartley; and, raising his voice, added, "You don't mind my adoring Mrs. Lucas, do you, sir?"

The Husband raised his head. His face was lined and looked older than it was, and his eyes had a far-away look in them.

"A very fine specimen," he said, abstractedly, "with a curious development of the proboscis and—"

"Good Lord!" gasped the Boy.

"He don't mean his wife, you idiot," laughed his friend. "He's talking about his beloved beetles."

From upstairs came the sound of a piano and of a woman singing softly, as though to herself.

They all heard it. The Boy flung half of an expensive cigar into the ash-tray and strolled towards the door. Clifford Houghton smiled after him, and rose slowly from his seat.

"You seem hard hit, Bob, old man," he said. "A married woman, too! For shame!"

Bob tried to look wicked, and merely succeeded in looking foolish. Then he said—

"Oh, that's rot! You know I admire her as though she were on a pedestal. Everybody does. You do yourself, I know."

Clifford coughed. "Of course," he said; "of course."

The Husband looked after them as they strolled out of the room; then he glanced down at the tray he held in his hand. With careful fingers he adjusted one of the impaled specimens, then slowly pushed the tray back into a cabinet, and, casting one long, lingering glance behind him, walked slowly after them and up the stairs.

When he reached the drawing-room, Clifford Houghton was sitting at the piano. On a sofa at the other side of the room Mrs. Lucas reclined, and on a low stool at her feet sat Bob.

It was a scene that Mr. Lucas's short-sighted but kindly eyes had looked upon many times before. Bob Hartley he had known from childhood; it was Bob Hartley who had introduced Clifford Houghton some six months back as a "fellow in our office, you know"; it was even to his young friend Bob Hartley that the entomologist owed his acquaintance with the lady who was now his wife and who had consented to share the fortunes—and the beetles—of Vernon Lucas, the man who could have written an eighteen-inch string of letters after his name.

If she had been overwhelmed by the scientist's offer, she had concealed her feelings exceedingly well. It was a year now since she had accepted him—gratefully but composedly—and for that time she had put up with the beetles for the sake of the honours—not to mention the plate, the furniture, and liberal pin-money.

At the time this truthful narrative opens she was beginning to wonder whether even these advantages could induce her to put up with the beetles and their keeper much longer.

"Clifford's quite one of our happy family now, isn't he?" Bob said, in an undertone. He always used an undertone when in conversation with his hostess: it imparted an air of romance and secrecy to the most commonplace remarks. Mrs. Lucas did not reply immediately. Her fine eyes rested on the man mentioned, then glanced at her husband as he stood by the piano, then back again at the player's broad shoulders. Then she spoke.

"Quite, isn't he?" she said, in an abstracted tone of voice.

Bob noticed the abstraction and looked at her.

"You don't seem as usual, Mrs. Lucas," he said, and his voice was even lower and more confidential than ever.

"What nonsense you talk!" she answered, in a brisker voice. "There's nothing the matter with me!"

This denial of a fact that no one had asserted did not strike young Hartley.

"I say, Clifford"—raising his voice—"won't you sing to us?"

"That is exactly the request I have been making," observed the Husband.

"Shall I—Mrs. Lucas?" said Houghton.

"Certainly—Mr. Houghton!" said Mrs. Lucas; and neither the Boy nor the Husband noticed the blush.

But when the song was ended and the last notes of a splendid baritone voice were still lingering in his ears, Bob Hartley said—

"Bravo, Clifford! You can sing and there's no doubt of it—"

He turned to Mrs. Lucas as he spoke, and stopped abruptly. She lay back among the cushions, with her eyes shining with a strange new light, her cheeks flushed, and her ripe lips parted; and, as Bob looked at her and from her to his friend, a thought sprang up into his brain that made him grow hot all over.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SEVERAL ADULTS AND A MERE BOY.

By PERCY E. REINGANUM.

The next moment he dismissed it and called himself a fool.

"Thank you so much!" she said. "You sing beautifully, Mr. Houghton."

"Praise from you, etc., etc.," he said lightly, and, rising from the piano, came towards them. "I'm glad you liked it."

"Bob," said Mr. Lucas, "will you play me a game of chess?"

"With pleasure, sir," said Bob, meaning the opposite, and resigned his low stool to Clifford Houghton.

The game that night developed into a very intricate one, and it was not until an hour and a half later that Mr. Lucas cried, "Mate!"

Bob rose.

"I'm going," he said; "it's eleven o'clock! Now, Clifford, old man, are you going to stop all night?"

"Coming!" said Houghton, as he raised his tall figure from the somewhat cramped position he had occupied on his low seat. "I'm a bit stiff," he observed.

"Shouldn't stoop so!" said Bob, rather acridly.

Outside in the street they lit cigars and walked on silently, and then, of a sudden, Houghton chuckled and said—

"He stoops to conquer!"

"*A propos de*—what?" queried Bob, astonished at the irrelevant remark.

"Oh, nothing!" was the reply.

"Well, anyway, Goldsmith said *She*!"

"And I said *He*!—that's the difference. Good-night."

II.

Hotel Meurice, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

DEAR BOB,—You may have been surprised not to see me at the office these last two or three days, but the above address will explain my absence. I've had to come over suddenly on the firm's business, and can't say in the least when I shall be back. Remember me to the Lucas ménage, and don't forget me yourself.—In haste, yours ever, CLIFFORD.

Bob Hartley was not excessively surprised when he found the above letter on his desk; his friend had before now made these sudden excursions to the Continent.

"He might have let me know he was going," he thought, "especially as my holidays start next week. I think I'll run over and see him."

That day and the two following were very busy ones at the office, and Bob began to know what hard work and late hours meant, and growled thereat after the manner of his kind.

But at last came Saturday, and early in the afternoon he shut down his desk with a slam, and walked out of the place with the glorious knowledge that for the next fortnight he was free.

"I must run round to the Lucases," he observed to himself. "I haven't been there for a week."

Like a schoolboy after "breaking-up" he trotted cheerily along, and, running up the steps three at a time, plied the well-known knocker lustily.

"No, sir. Mrs. Lucas is out of town," said the servant.

"What!" exclaimed Bob. "When did she leave?"

"Only yesterday, sir. . . . Master's in the smoking-room."

Mr. Lucas looked up from a microscope as Bob entered, and held out his hand, with a smile.

"I'm a grass-widower at present, Bob, and I can't say I enjoy the sensation. Wonderful how greatly we appreciate people when they aren't there."

"I was awfully surprised to hear that—"

"Nothing very surprising, Bob," said the scientist. "Muriel was a bit knocked-up, I fancy, so I packed her off to the seaside for a bit. She's gone to—Bless my heart, what's the name of the place?—to—Dear, dear! I can't think of it."

"I should have liked to say 'Good-bye' to her," said the Boy, with an angry sense of having, somehow, been slighted.

"A-ah! That reminds me. She left a note for you," said the Husband. "I'm afraid I spilt some acid on it."

Bob took it eagerly, tore it open, and read it—

DEAR BOB,—You'll be surprised to find me gone off like this, and still more good when I tell you where I'm going. I've told Vernon that Folkestone would do me good, but I'm going to run across to Paris for a few days. Don't tell on me, there's a good boy. Can't say exactly when I shall be back—but it won't be just yet. *Au revoir*.—Yours sincerely, MURIEL LUCAS.

Bob drew out his letter-case and placed the little pink note carefully in it. And it happened to come next to a thin envelope with a foreign stamp.

At the same moment the thought that had struck him that night at this house a week ago recurred to his mind like a haunting phantom, and for the life of him he could not dismiss it as easily as the last time.

"Rum coincidence!" he said, aloud.

"What is?" asked Mr. Lucas.

"Oh, nothing—nothing much: only I see Mrs. Lucas has gone to Folkestone—"

"Folkestone! That's it," murmured Mr. Lucas.

"And I intended going there myself for my holidays."

"You don't say so! Well, you must call on Muriel and tell her I said she was to look after you and keep you out of mischief, eh, my

boy? I suppose she mentions her address? Yes? Then that's all right. When are you going?"

"I'd arranged to run down to-night," said Bob, wondering why he was lying and at the ease with which he did it.

"Well, tell her, her old husband misses her and doesn't want her to stay too long."

"Good-bye, Mr. Lucas."

"Good-bye, my lad."

"There's no time to be lost," remarked the Boy, as he walked away towards home. "Lucky I drew a month's screw in advance. 'Look after me and keep me out of mischief' . . . H'm! . . . Perhaps it'll be the other way about . . . or am I wrong? . . . Of course, I must be . . . I'm a . . . And yet—! Oh, Christopher Columbus, I shall go off my head!"

The afternoon passed like a confused dream in hurried preparation, and it was not until he found himself standing at Charing Cross that he for the first time asked himself what he meant to do.

And it was then he found that all he wanted was to prove his suspicions wrong.

It is probable that, even then, he might have been undecided as to his course of action if the sight of a man leaving the station and hailing a hansom had not struck him.

It was Clifford Houghton, and the address he gave the cabman was that of Mr. Lucas.

"Now what does that mean?" said the Boy to himself, surprised at his own coolness in reasoning the matter out. "Has his business in Paris merely come to an end, or has he come back to fetch her? Well, here goes to make sure!"

So it came to pass, somewhat to his own surprise, that Bob Hartley found himself, in the small hours of Sunday morning, watching the dawn creeping over the almost deserted Boulevards and wondering how you hailed a cab in French.

He held up two fingers and whistled, and a sleepy and aged Jehu thrust at his horse with the butt-end of his whip and dragged his ramshackle fly towards his fare.

"Hotel Meurice!" said Bob.

"Rue de Rivoli, M'sieu?"

"Wee!"

After three hours' sleep, he had a most refreshing wash, donned his highest and most English-looking collar, and, after discussing what he called a fraud of a breakfast in his room, descended to the vestibule and boldly asked for the visitors' signature-book.

And in three minutes he knew that his suspicions had been confirmed. As he wrote his sprawling "Robert Hartley" at the foot of the page his eye travelled up the names entered the day before.

The fifth name from the top was "Mrs. C. Houghton."

He dropped the pen when he read that, and experienced a sudden weakness in the knees. Whatever vague, half-formed suspicions he had had up to now, this crushing blow of certainty was none the less hard to bear. He turned and crept slowly upstairs to his room.

Mrs. Lucas plucked at her sleeves, smoothed back a rebellious curl, glanced at herself once more in the glass, and prepared to obey the summons of the gong that had just sounded for lunch.

"I wonder," she said to herself as she tripped downstairs, "what made him go back when we'd arranged to meet here. I suppose he got tired of waiting and has gone to fetch me. I hope he won't be long; it's a bit dull here with no one I know—"

Someone came out of a room on the half-landing—someone she *did* know.

"Bob!" she almost screamed.

"Mrs. Lucas, by the living Jingo!"

There was a moment's silent astonishment—real enough on the one side, artistically assumed on the other.

"Fancy your being at this hotel!" he said, with a laugh.

With an effort she pulled herself together.

"Isn't it curious?" she said. "Are you staying long?"

"No-o-o," he said, nonchalantly. "I'm off again to-morrow—to-night, in fact. Feel a bit out of it among these foreigners, don'tcher know. Fact is, I fancied old Clifford might be here still, but it seems he's left. So I shan't stop."

Their seats were some distance apart at the table d'hôte, and the conversation was cut short. From her place she could watch his boyish face as he frowned at the menu and joked with the waiter.

"He can't possibly know anything," she thought. "I wish now I hadn't said I was going to Paris . . . but then he'd have been certain to run after me to Folkestone, and when he found I wasn't there—well, he might have thought it funny . . . As it is, I'll swear he doesn't suspect . . . he's got much too good an opinion of me. . . . I suppose he'll know—some day. . . . It's a pity."

She caught his eye and smiled across at him.

Last week he would have given a finger for that smile; now, although he smiled back, he knew that it left him quite unmoved.

"Clifford's been a beastly bad friend to me. Hang me, I'll be a better one to poor old Lucas!" he said to himself as the luncheon ended in a general pushing-back of chairs and shuffling of feet. "But I haven't much time!"

"Come for a stroll in the Tweedledees, Mrs. Lucas?"

"You silly boy, what's that?"

"Those gardens over yonder. Come along."

In a quarter of an hour they were sitting on a well-shaded bench, and Bob felt himself tingling in every nerve in the desire to accomplish his suddenly conceived project.

"I say," he said suddenly, "are you going to stay long?"

"No—oh no, not long!" she answered, with lowered eyes.

The trustful admiration on his face hurt her.

"How long?" he insisted.

"I—really I hardly know."

"Because," he continued, slowly, "it isn't quite the thing, is it—for a lady to be alone in a Paris hotel, I mean? Of course," he added, "I don't know; it's only my idea, you know. But—well, is it?"

"I—I don't know," she answered, faintly.

"Of course," he continued, in his boyish way, "I haven't breathed a word to Mr. Lucas, because, you see, you trusted me. But you won't be angry, will you? . . . It's great cheek, of course, but—I don't like it! I don't like your being here, and I don't like sort of deceiving Mr. Lucas. . . . You aren't angry, are you?"—as she continued silently digging up the gravel with her sunshade.

She shook her head silently, and he went on—

"If it was anyone I didn't—er—like very much I shouldn't care a hang; but it's you . . . and . . . and I *don't* like it."

She did not answer. She felt that, just then, speaking would be synonymous with crying. It had suddenly dawned upon her how much more besides Vernon Lucas's beetles and honours she was giving up. . . . She saw of a sudden the great gulf that would open between herself and her old friends—the friends who believed in and trusted her—represented now by this Boy, ignorant, unsuspicious, confiding, and affectionate.

"Besides," he went on, "I should think you'd feel awfully lonely here by yourself. I can't stop, of course, and then there won't be a soul you know to go about with."

Every word he said went home. He knew that, and paused, to add to the effect.

Lonely! That was it: that was the feeling that had crept over her like a pall when she had arrived and found him gone. It was loneliness that had made her turn away from her untasted dinner in the brilliant, crowded table d'hôte room to run upstairs and damp her pillow with unreasoning tears.

And it was the Boy who had guessed it.

In this strange city, surrounded by strangers, on the eve of parting with the only familiar face she had met with, Vernon Lucas's comfortable home had never seemed so attractive as now. She thought of the handsome old house in the ugly old square, of the familiar rooms with their solid and elegant furniture, of the comforts that awaited her there—and of the massive plate.

Then she thought of her Husband himself.

" . . . And, as I said before," remarked her companion, as though he had followed her thoughts, "he'd be a bit uneasy if he knew where you were. . . . He didn't half like being left alone, as it was—looked depressed and lonesome, don't you know—and, if he weren't so beastly unselfish, he'd have asked you to stop. . . . You see, I've known him a long time," he broke off, apologetically.

She felt that her continued silence would appear suspicious, and exerted herself to speak.

"I suppose he—he'd be pleased if I went back to him?"

"Oh, no hurry, you know; he don't expect you for a fortnight."

And then he made a bold stroke.

"Besides, he won't be so lonely now—now Clifford's back in town."

She gave a little gasp. Was it possible that he—he would not come back?

She grew hot and sick, and then cold as ice as she realised that, from what she knew of him, it was possible. He had before now given signs that he was not above exercising the supposed feminine prerogative of changing his mind.

And in a moment she had contrasted him with the manly type beside her, had asked herself how his treachery and cunning compared with the honesty and single-heartedness of his friend, and in that moment Clifford Houghton slid from the uncertain pinnacle he had occupied in her estimation and went bumping and rolling down towards the depths of her contempt and dislike.

She rose from the seat, and, as he glanced sidelong at her bright eyes and flushed cheeks, he knew that he had conquered by as shameless a piece of acting as he had ever performed.

He leant back now and lit a cigarette.

"What time does the boat start?"

"Ten-twenty," he answered. He didn't know for certain, but ignorance or hesitation might mean ultimate defeat.

"What do you say to starting at once and having an hour or two at Boulogne?" he observed, with deep intent.

"Yes! Ah—yes!" She turned to him breathlessly. In her changed mood she felt she could not get away too quickly. Besides, the mood might not last, and she mistrusted herself. A little later, as their fly rattled along through the sunlit streets, Bob Hartley suddenly leaned forward across his companion and pointed out the magnificent view they had at that moment of the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs-Élysées.

It certainly was a fine view, but Bob Hartley's remarking it was curious. He had not, as a rule, a very keen eye for fine views.

At any rate, Mrs. Lucas turned to look at it, and in so doing the fly that passed them on the other hand escaped notice, while its occupant equally failed to notice them. . . .

Clifford Houghton found a note waiting for him at the hotel—

DEAR OLD BOY,—Ran over here for a day on old Lucas's business—a favour I wanted to do him—and sorry I missed you, as I hear you're expected to-night. Well, we shall meet again some day, I hope. I think a prolonged rest in Paris might do you good—the longer the better. You've been overworking yourself, and solitude's a grand thing. I believe the Lucases are going to move; when back in town don't call till you get a card.—Yours,
Bob.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN, a few weeks ago, *The Sketch* announced Mr. Bernard Shaw's Salvation Army play, it was said that, while it was possible Miss Eleanor Robson might appear in it, any positive statement on that point would be premature. The justification for that reservation is apparent, for the part is to be created by Miss Annie Russell on the afternoon of Nov. 28, when "Major Barbara," as the play has been christened, will be produced at the Court, which may be regarded as Mr. Shaw's dramatic home. Miss Russell, like so many other well-known American actresses, has been spending the summer in England, and has beguiled her time by looking for a Society play with which to "star" in America during the coming winter. The date of the production will enable the rehearsals to be supervised by Mr. Shaw, who is at present in Ireland.

The present week sees the production of two plays whose opening nights have been changed—"Clarice," at the Duke of York's, and "Dick Hope," at the St. James's. Both plays, by the way, are interesting examples of the tendency to short casts to which attention was recently drawn on this page.

In "Clarice," London will have the opportunity of making the acquaintance, in Miss Marie Doro, of a young actress who has come to the front with astonishing rapidity. It is only some two or three years ago that she was a member of the chorus in a musical play in America, where she gave such evidence of ability that she was soon promoted to a position of more importance. Then Mr. Charles Frohman saw her, and gave her a part in "Granny," the play in which the late Mrs. Gilbert was "starring" at the time of her death. Shortly after that, Mr. Frohman made her Mr. William Collier's leading lady, and then produced "Friquette," by M. Pierre Berton, in order that she might "star" in it in New York. The play, however, did not succeed, and now Miss Doro has been promoted to be Mr. Gillette's leading lady.

It is a long time since London has seen so many author-actors in their own plays as it will this week. These "double gentlemen" number no fewer than six—Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "The Duffer," Mr. George Grossmith junior in "The Spring Chicken," Mr.

Ernest Hendrie in "Dick Hope," Mr. Gayer Mackay and "Mr. Ord" in "Dr. Wake's Patient," and Mr. William Gillette in "Clarice."

The production of "The White Chrysanthemum" at the Criterion might be described as a happy after-thought. It was

originally intended to be acted in the provinces, for the three gentlemen interested in its being—Mr. Talbot, the composer; Mr. Leedham Bantock, and Mr. Anderson—believed sufficiently in the attracting power of their work to finance it themselves and booked a long tour for it. One day, the opportunity offered for them to bring it to the notice of Mr. Frank Curzon. It was played, read, and sung to him, and he was so delighted that he induced them to cancel their tour in order to produce it at the Criterion.

Mme. Antonio de Navarro's little daughter, who was born on the anniversary of her mother's birthday, has been christened Mary Antonia Elena. Everyone to whom Miss Mary Anderson's acting gave an æsthetic pleasure, as well as those who hold her friendship in memory, will unite in cordial wishes of good to the little maid who bears the name of both her mother and her father.

The return of Mrs. Kendal to London is sure to lead to her being deluged with applications from stage-struck girls and from their parents on the subject of the stage as a profession. It has so often been asserted that Mrs. Kendal's views are adverse rather than favourable to the pursuit of the profession for which she has worked so hard and done so much that a good many people accept as a fact what is, in reality, the very reverse of accurate. This is the more remarkable seeing that, over fifteen years ago, Mrs. Kendal stated her views on the subject, and her opinion has remained unaltered since that time. Writing in the preface to the American edition of her "Dramatic Opinions," which was dedicated to her children, she said—

I am often asked if I wish either of you to go upon the stage, and, as you know, my reply is always the same: "Yes, certainly, if they possess sufficient talent"; for

talent you must have to begin with, supported by industry, perseverance, good health, strength of mind, and, last though not least, a little modesty as to your own merits.

This is the form of diploma you require to sign to win the admiration and respect of the public, which, when won, and won worthily, is the greatest honour we can hope to gain.—Your devoted mother, MADGE KENDAL.

This ought to settle the matter once and for all.

"The Redskins"—the Hippodrome's melodramatic sketch culminating in a band of North American Indians shooting the rapids formed by thousands of gallons of real

water pouring from a height into the arena—which was withdrawn at the height of its popularity a couple of years ago, will be revived on Monday next at the popular house in Cranbourn Street. In order to make room for it, "Rob Roy" will be withdrawn on Saturday.



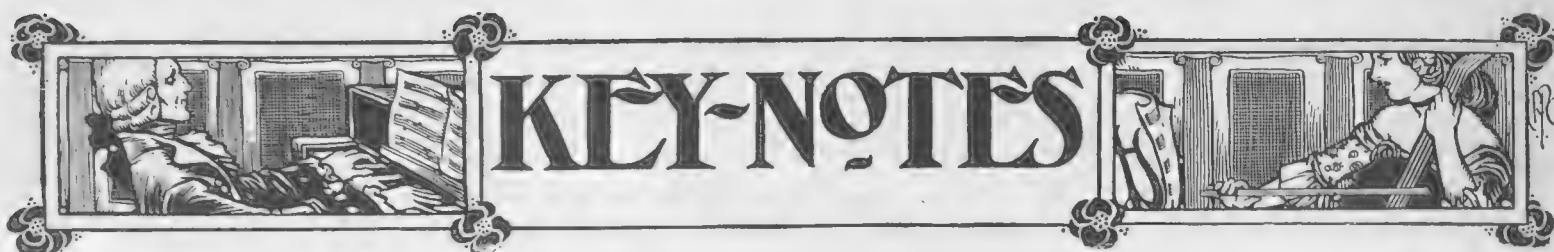
THE IRISH SCENA AT THE COLISEUM: "MY LADY MOLLY, O."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



THE MILITARY TATTOO AT THE COLISEUM: THE PEACE TABLEAU.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



INCIDENTAL music plays so large a part nowadays in the building up of spectacular dramas that it is not surprising that the selection (or first-hand composition) of such music should occupy a prominent position in recent dramatic productions. The music which is supplied to the working-out of "Oliver Twist," at His Majesty's, may be especially commended, not because it is original, but because it falls in with the tune of that particular period

concerning the doings of which Dickens wrote. The musical director of Mr. Tree's theatre has rightly gone back to the early Victorian period for his choice, and the resulting setting is appropriate and attractive. Just as, in the course of the performance, let us say, of "Hedda Gabler," it would be monstrous to find a musical suggestion of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses" given in the course of the performance, so it would be perfectly natural to discover the same tune used in connection with a production of "Oliver Twist." The choice of music, however, was very much to the point. "Villikens and his Dinah," *hoc genus omne*, made a perfect musical atmosphere. Mr. Schmid was responsible for this success.

The subject of incidental music is one which occupies the attention not so much of the dramatist as of the stage-manager. To him belongs the responsibility of arousing emotion through the medium of the quieter kind of music which belongs necessarily to drama. It is an easy and a perfectly intelligible way of a subtler interpretation than the actual play demands. Mr. Schmid in his incidental music to "Oliver Twist" has thoroughly realised this

fact in his return, by his musical selection, to the generation which, while revelling in the genius of Dickens, also created for itself a special form of ballad-writing. The return, in fact, to many of the old melodies and tunes of a former generation makes one feel that the popular music of any time is possibly the popular music of all times.

Tschaikowsky belongs to one of the great mysteries of music; he began as one who knew scarcely any of the inner secrets of its art; he finished by being the most accomplished master, so far as musical emotion goes, that the present generation has seen. This fact was very apparent in the first performance in London of an early Violin Suite, written in 1879—that is to say, the first performance with the accompaniments added by Glazounow—the other day at the Queen's Hall under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood. With some men the development of art is a very slow process; it would seem as though they were gradually and with much critical power rejecting, but never creating; the situation is nothing short of tragic during the time in which the man is gradually rising to the topmost level of his talent. So it has been with Tschaikowsky; his early Suite divided into three movements, "Méditation," "Mélodie," and "Scherzo," is very charming, but it does not exhibit the composer as a man of individual genius, although it does exhibit him as, at that time, a man of rather pleasant talent. It required the great Fifth Symphony, surely born out of a temperament most sensitive to tragedy, to prove the fineness no less than the ultimate meaning of Tschaikowsky's genius.

To return to the work as it was performed at the Queen's Hall, it has to be said that Madame Beatrice Langley was at her best and

played it with much dignity. When the career of Tschaikowsky is finally given to the world in full literary form, then only will it be recognised how magnificent a struggle it was with him to achieve real greatness in his art, despite every sort of persuasion to drag him away from it.

Most of us will remember the first presentation of "L'Enfant Prodigue" to the public at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It was probably London's first experience of a real pantomime-play; Steinlen's picture-poster went far towards creating a great curiosity in regard to the work; Mlle. Jeanné May was throughout a fine and subtle interpreter of the principal part; and we well remember how exquisite was the pianoforte-playing of Mr. Landon Ronald which accompanied the whole piece. It is therefore very pleasant to record that at the Promenade Concerts an Orchestral Suite founded upon the work was given a few days ago. Since the time of "L'Enfant Prodigue" Mr. Ronald has become a successful conductor. Would that the public could hear more of his pianoforte-playing!

Mr. Henry Wood is quite indefatigable in his determination to acquaint the British public with the best things in modern art. We, of course, refer to modern musical art. A few days ago, he chose to give to us Richard Strauss as that great German composer was known some few years ago, and, again, as he is, more or less, at the present moment. One naturally says "more or less," because it is impossible to prophesy the destinies of the music which Richard Strauss will compose. On the occasion to which we refer, Strauss was represented by his early Symphony in F Minor, and by his later Symphony, which is known by the title of "Till Eulenspiegel." Had Strauss finished his career with the composition of the first Symphony to which allusion has been made, he would probably not have been a great factor in the musical world. But the composition of the later Symphony shows that he has inherited all the modern instincts of music, and that he has applied his extraordinary genius to make that inheritance worthy of his time and of his generation. Nothing could have proved more conclusively how honoured and how well known in London is the name of Richard Strauss than the recent great gathering at the Queen's Hall to hear his two works, a gathering which, we will venture to say, was almost unprecedented in the history of the public appreciation of modern music. One may speak all the more frankly because the present writer is convinced that the time has passed when the London public, on its musical side, is content to be fed with commonplace songs and still more commonplace orchestral compositions.

Mr. Mark Hambourg, even though he follows the instinct of the diamond-discoverer, has, aided by his artistic instinct, just made an enormous success by his pianoforte-playing in South Africa. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and it may be stated quite quietly, without reference to stocks or shares, that no less than £1,600 was taken for the first five recitals which this extremely gifted young man has given. Professor Michael Hambourg, the father of this most gifted musician, has, by the way, so one learns, opened a Conservatoire of Music. He believes thoroughly in the capacity of many English students who are somewhat debarred from expressing their individuality by comparatively uninteresting and academic rules. To Mr. Hambourg's Conservatoire of Music we wish all success.



THE PRINCIPAL CONTRALTO OF THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY: MISS D. M. WOODALL.

Miss Doris May Woodall, who is the leading contralto of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, began a season with that organisation rather over a week ago. Miss Woodall, who is English, studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. Edward T. Lloyd junior, and then went to Germany to complete her studies. Her first engagement was to appear at the Royal Court Theatre, Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

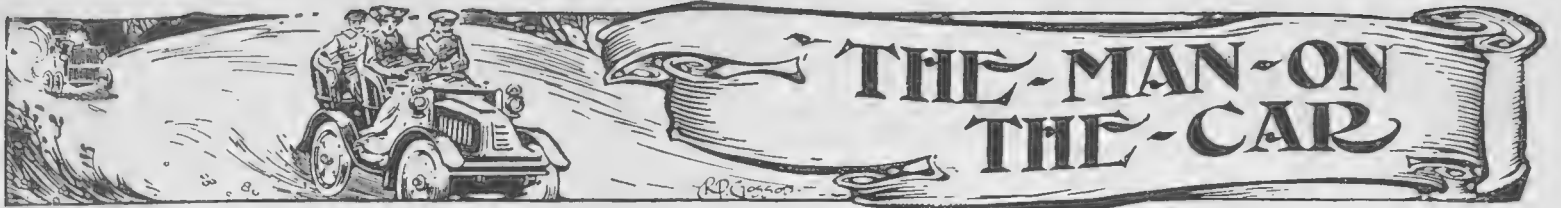
Photograph by W. Staden.



A WELL-KNOWN 'CELLO-PLAYER: M. LACHA DAVIDOFF.

Photograph by Langfier.

COMMON CHORD.



THE HENRY EDMUNDS HILL-CLIMBING TROPHY—THE MOTOR UNION LEGISLATION AND DEFENCE FUNDS—THE SWING OF THE JUDICIAL PENDULUM—HEADGEAR FOR LADIES—THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY.

MR. HENRY EDMUNDS has been so closely associated with the automobile movement in this country since its earliest days (he was one of the founders of the Automobile Club, and owned and drove one of the very earliest English-built Daimlers) that it is pleasant and gratifying for all who have been associated with

unnecessary and harassing action of the police, and, last but not least, we find the London Police Magistrates administering severe snubs to the police for their trivial and irritating policy. A motorcyclist was haled before Mr. Hopkins because, riding his machine on a wet day, the mackintosh he was wearing had fallen over his number. He had been dragged up from Worthing to answer the summons, which Mr. Hopkins characterised as "a mere waste of time and money," and ordered him to pay the costs only. Again, Mr. Hopkins is not prepared to say that motorists holding driving-licences must inform the issuing authority of a change of address. Also in another case, for an alleged badly lit back-number, he remarked that he hardly ever saw a number that was well lit, and that the summons didn't seem a necessary one.

Ladies' headgear in an open car during such blustering weather as we have had of late gives the fair much tribulation. From long and careful examination, I and many lady motoring friends have come to the conclusion that the gathered, boa-tailed motor-veils, introduced by Dunhill, and which, when properly assumed, suggest the picturesque headgear of Catherine of Aragon, are the only safe and comfortable wear. They are even satisfactory with a large hat, although the latter is not always desirable on an open car.

The total number of cars to run in the International Tourist Trophy Race which takes place to-morrow over the Gordon-Bennett course in the Isle of Man now amounts to forty-eight, ten vehicles having been withdrawn for various reasons unstated, but which, I imagine, are not altogether unconnected with what is now generally admitted to be the somewhat absurd consumption restriction. Twenty-five miles to the gallon of petrol with a fully equipped touring-car and four passengers is an order on the big side and one that is hardly likely to be filled by every car entered. But one must not run away with the idea that it is every stretch of twenty-five miles of road on the course that has to be covered with but a gallon of spirit consumed. On the other hand, it is a consumption comparative to twenty-five miles per gallon on a good, level road which is the goal to be aimed for, and to arrange for this each car will be served out with



A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY MOTORIST: LADY ALWYNE COMPTON ALIGHTING FROM HER 22-28 H.-P. CROSSLEY LANDAUETTE.

Lady Alwyne Compton, who has just gone to Baden-Baden, finds motoring a delightful hobby, and uses her car both in town and country. In our photograph Lady Alwyne is carrying one of the toy collie-dogs (smaller than a fox-terrier) in the breeding of which she has interested herself. These dogs are expected to attract considerable attention when they are publicly exhibited.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

him in the past to realise that his name will now be kept in mind always by the annual recurrence of the competition for the Henry Edmunds Hill-Climbing Trophy. Mr. Edmunds presented this trophy to the Club in 1902, but the event in connection with it has not been given the prominence it deserved until the present year. The contest, which is between cars of recognised tourist types, properly equipped for the road, and carrying four passengers, will, by the kind permission of Mr. F. S. Phillipson-Stow, be held up the steep and trying hill in Blackdown Park, Fernhurst, Sussex, on Sept. 27, and, given a fine day, the competition should provide a very pleasant and interesting outing.

I should like to make an appeal to automobilists on behalf of the Motor Union Legislation and Defence Funds. In view of the steps contemplated by the Union with regard to appeals in notorious cases and the evidence to be collated and presented before the Motor Commission, a fund has been opened to which each and every motorist in the kingdom should contribute liberally according to his or her means. The fight for reasonable freedom and for justice has yet to be fought, and the Motor Union is the only body which appears to be making any sort of attempt to gird itself for the fray. The list has been open some little time, and the response has hardly been so generous as, considering the nature of the matter, it should have been. That may have been due to the fact that the subject has, as yet, only been mooted in the columns of the Club journal, from which a large percentage of the members appear never to strip the postal wrapper. But whether Club, Union, or unattached automobilist, a subscription should at once be forwarded for the Defence Fund to the Treasurer of the Motor Union, 16, Down Street, Piccadilly. There is a great struggle at hand and the sinews of war are urgently required.

From various parts of the country signs are not wanting that the pendulum of judicial feeling is beginning to swing slightly towards the motorist. We now find Magistrates addressing the public Press in protest against the prejudiced attitude assumed by certain of their brethren towards motorists, while one or more Scotch Courts have deprecated and discouraged the



"THE SCRIBE OF AMERICA" AND AN AMERICAN STAR AS MOTORISTS: MISS VIOLA ALLEN AND MR. CLYDE FITCH STARTING FOR A DRIVE.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's work is well known to English-theatre-goers, and two of his plays, "The Last of the Dandies" and "The Cowboy and the Lady," will be remembered as having been presented at His Majesty's and at the Duke of York's respectively. Miss Allen made her first great "hit" in "The Christian," and during the past two seasons has devoted her whole time to Shakspeare, meeting with much success as Viola in "Twelfth Night" and as Hermione and Perdita in "The Winter's Tale." Next season she will present Mr. Fitch's play, "The Toast of the Town," a comedy of manners, laid in the time of George IV.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

a proportionate quantity of petrol for the four circuits of the course. This quantity has been determined after careful experiment and profound calculation on the part of Mr. Worby Beaumont, M.I.M.E., etc., whose slide-rule must have flashed like a sword-blade the while.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS—RACECOURSE SHARES—CUTTING IT FINE.

EVERYTHING points to there being a record crowd to witness the race for the St. Leger. All the Railway Companies running into Doncaster have laid themselves out to carry full freights, and the *trains de luxe* will, it goes without the saying, carry their full complement of passengers. To be able to dine, lunch, or sleep on board is a luxury indeed in latter-day railway-travel. What a contrast to the old days, when Alec Taylor used the horse-van and travelled by road himself along with his racers! But to the Leger. Val d'Or will carry more money than any French candidate has in this country for many years. The colt has improved a lot since he ran at Sandown, and his trainer thinks he is bound to win. Of his opponents, Cicero, Cherry Lass, and Llangibby are the only three that are, in my opinion, at all likely to prove dangerous. The last-named I shall let run loose, though were he to win I should be chagrined. Cherry Lass is just to Robinson's liking. She has thrived on plenty of hard work done over good, sound going. The belated time-test argument has been done to death by critics who maintain that the "clocking" at Epsom gives this race to Cherry Lass. I don't think so, and, what is more, I shall predict the success of Cicero over all comers. The course will suit Lord Rosebery's colt to a nicety.

As the acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps will be published in a few hours—to be exact, just half-an-hour before the start for the St. Leger takes place—it would serve no useful purpose to discuss the weights at any length. I shall be surprised if the majority of the following do not cry content, namely, Lady Drake, Long Tom, Wargrave, War Wolf, Mark Time, Hammerkop, Saltpetre, and Bachelor's Button. It is more than likely that the winner will spring from this lot, all of whom could stay the course well. I am told, however, that one of our light-weight jockeys has been retained for a dark horse that, in the opinion of its owner, cannot well be beaten, but the name of the animal will keep for a week or two, at any rate, and, like many another good thing, the horse may not accept after all. The winner of the Cambridgeshire will call for some finding this year, and the market will, I take it, be the liveliest we have experienced over any race since the Grand National was run, for Dean Swift, Golden Saint, Hackler's Pride, Nabot, Sir Daniel, Whitechapel, Delaunay, Andover, and Jardy have all been backed on the Continental Lists, and the majority of this lot should be found among the acceptances. The "smart set" have been waiting for Dean Swift for a very long time, while Golden Saint was a street-corner tip for the race before the entries appeared. The last-named is very likely to win it.

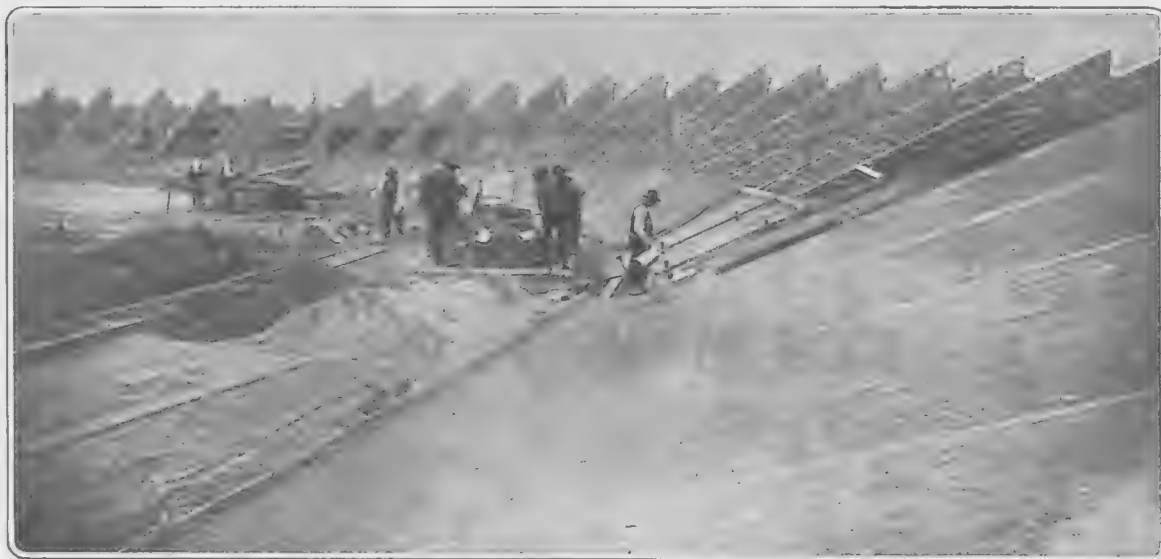
I am told that there is a slump in racecourse shares at the present time, and that it is impossible to unload big parcels at even an equitable price. Perhaps we may hear in the near future of falling dividends in the case of those Companies that have been over-capitalised. Things are not humming on the racecourse just now. The bookies seldom discover new clients with money to throw away, and the consequence is their busiest customers are the professional backers, who seldom bet at a loss. It is a bold statement to make, but I think the time has arrived when the professional backer should be wiped out. He pays nothing towards the stables or the keep of racehorses. Yet, on occasion, and when signs and portents favour him, he swoops down and clears the market at the expense of the owner and his friends. The "pro," by-the-by, works commissions, which greatly aids his little game, and I think owners are ill-advised in entrusting their investments to a third party when they could easily do the work themselves. Many years ago, I heard of a case where a professional backer had commissions to work for five different owners in a selling-race. There were only seven runners, and the "pro." put the lot on one of the two he had no commission to work for, and—would you believe it?—the animal won in a hack-canter!



SPORT ON THE MONGOLIAN BORDER: A BRITISH OFFICER PLAYING TENNIS IN THE GARDEN OF THE REV. F. O'NEILL, IRISH MISSIONARY.

It has been noticed of late that several of the swagger jockeys go in for flash finishes, and often by trying to win by a short head they manage to lose by a long neck. Tod Sloan, who, in my opinion, was the finest horseman ever seen in the saddle in this country, never left anything to chance on nearing the winning-post, with the result that, as far as I can remember, he never threw a race away. Flash finishes are not cricket, and the jockeys should be told this by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Owners do not like matters cut too fine, neither do backers, and it is irritating to read on paper that "So-and-So won after a desperate finish, when he might, if properly ridden, have won by the length of Fleet Street." Sloan never found it necessary to ride a waiting race even on a reputed non-stayer. His contention was

that all the waiting could be done in front, and he did not believe in the one mad rush at the finish of a race. I think it is a duty trainers owe to apprentices under their charge to warn them against copying the tactics adopted by some of the flash riders of the present day, who will most surely sooner or later disgust their patrons if they lose many races by



THE CONSTRUCTION OF A MODERN CYCLE-TRACK: PLACING THE CEMENT PATH ON THE MASSIVE BRICK SUPPORTS.

short heads. Racing, to be interesting, should be of the top-pace order, from starting-gate to winning-post, and, in this connection, we might point to the running in the Grand National, where top-speed is the order throughout the whole of the trying journey of nearly five miles.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WE were all of us ready to admit, even before the days of an *entente cordiale*, that they do some things better in France.

In cookery, dress—not to add the more serious matters of painting and sculpture—our good Gallic friends are supreme, and have the art, moreover, of uniting the elements of practical common-sense, as well as the essentials of æstheticism, in a manner peculiar to



[Copyright.]

A COSTUME FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

themselves. Take one matter alone in which this quality of common-sense is eminently apparent—the evening-dress of the moment. Notwithstanding our cold and east-wind-ridden springs and winters, which necessitate the warmest clothing possible during the day, Englishwomen are so hidebound by conservative and, let me add, silly custom as nightly to court catarrhs and colds and chest-complaints variously by going out to theatres, dinner-parties, or dances in a state of death-dealing décolletage! How much more sensible to have assumed the French fashion of demi-toilette, which can be made so exceedingly smart, and is, as a matter of fact, greatly more becoming to nine women out of ten—that being, I take it, the proportion of a perfect pair of shoulders in the same number.

Having taken a bird's-eye view of forthcoming fashions at various premier ateliers in the gay city of Paris this week, I am rejoiced to find that the high-necked evening-gown is promised an immediate and widely adopted vogue. In France it is, of course, no novelty, but in England the mode will come as an entirely new fashion, and the necessity will no longer exist for apology and explanation of one's weak health when appearing at a dinner-party in a high frock. Extremely elegant were many of the new evening-gowns on exhibition at the chief *couturières*. The décolletage, cut quite low, was filled in with the finest lace or drawn chiffon or embroidered gauze. Square, round, and heart-shaped décolletage is equally employed, some women wearing one with more advantage, some another. Another favourite and quite becoming form was the

V-shape, cut very long and pointed back and front. This looks charming filled in with tulle or gauze.

The little, loose-backed coats of "point d'Irlande" that have been so much worn by modish Parisiennes this summer would make invaluable additions to the winter bridge-toilette in our own island; they are so *chic*, easily worn over any blouse or bodice, and quite change the character of one's costume. They are best, of course, over white. One of the prettiest, worn by a friend, over a white silk blouse, had a wreath of roses and foliage, carried out in raised white silk, about the shoulders and trimming the cuffs, which was elegance itself and simplicity, though a not inexpensive one. Efforts are being made to modify the unashamed ugliness of motor-garments generally, and some waterproofed cloth costumes with flat toques of the same material were shown me when in Paris that coupled elegance and warmth very successfully. Ernest, of Regent Street, is one of the authorities at home that surmount the difficulties of motor-equipment, and the coat called after his firm, when lined in fur or leather, is extremely smart.

The last word has not been written about motoring, however, until it has become practical and possible to differentiate the riders from wild animals or hobgoblins, as most of the people look who flash by one on the road at fifty kilomètres an hour, with protruding goggles, gnome-like masks, and garments of astonishing "hideosity," to recall a good schoolroom word. Well-made hoods



[Copyright.]

THE FASHION FOR THE COMING SEASON.

of pretty shape and bright colours would look far prettier than much of the experimental motor-millinery seen on the heads of its victims.

Northern France more than any other part has suffered from the disturbed course of the clouds following on the sun and moon playing hide-and-seek with each other. Many of the smart watering-places are emptying fast, and home-returning Britons through the cross-Channel steamers quite a fortnight sooner than originally planned

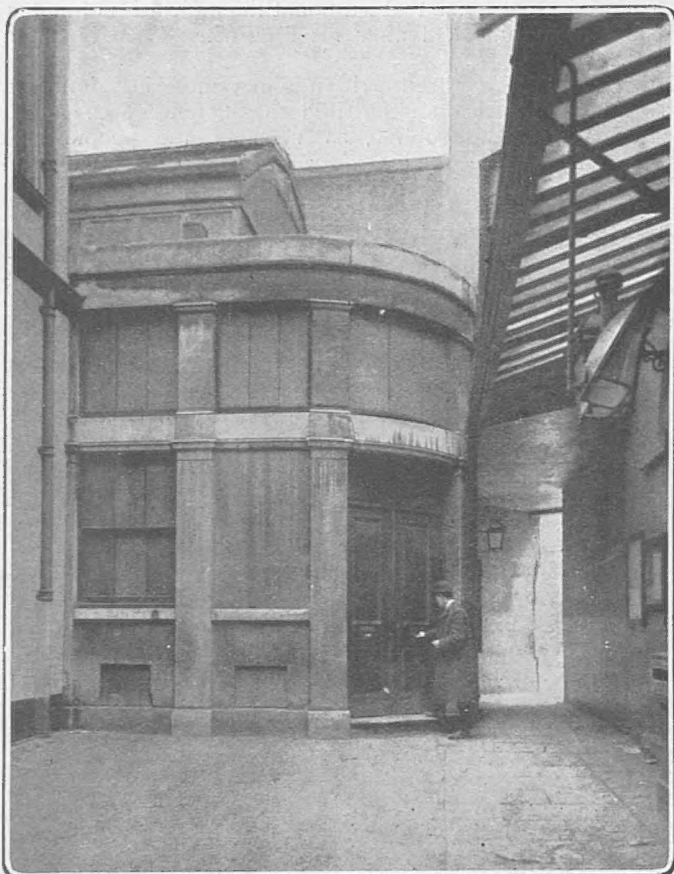
because of the untoward behaviour of the weather. Many people profess to rejoice in the fact of arriving *chez elles* after the holidays; but London, with the pretence of summer and long evenings still lingering about, is anything but the seventh heaven of the householder; it is not until fires become a positive necessity and that enough people are back to fill four bridge-tables twice a week that the dear village is fit for re-entry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ESTELLE (Biarritz).—(1) If you are passing through Paris on your way it will be worth while to get the gloves there. They are so much cheaper and a better shape. (2) There is no actual forecast of any great change of fashion, but mid-September is a little early. People are still wearing their summer frocks on fine days. White furs, one hears, are to be more fashionable than any others, though the fashion is unsuited to London, where white becomes dingy grey in a fortnight.

OLIVE.—Gipsy ear-rings—if by that you mean round rings—are not fashionable, but pendant ear-rings are. SYBIL.

For more than thirty years Mr. Swinburne has had by him a work on the Elizabethan dramatists, and parts of the book appeared in the



WHERE TEN THOUSAND MILLION POUNDS' WORTH OF BUSINESS WAS DONE LAST YEAR: THE BANKERS' CLEARING HOUSE.

This unpretentious-looking place, between Lombard Street and King William Street, E.C., sees the biggest transactions of any house in the world. Last year the business done represented £10,500,000,000.

Fortnightly and the *Nineteenth Century*. The author, however, would never publish his essays, because he had not completed his study of Rowley, and his conscience forbade him to criticise without having read every line of an author. For nearly forty years the book has been in abeyance, but at last Mr. Swinburne has been persuaded to go to the British Museum to finish his consideration of Rowley, and the complete series of appreciations will shortly see the light.

But, after all, the public, even the playgoing public, cares little for the Elizabethan or Restoration drama. Last week saw the regrettable end (for a time) of Mr. Philip Carr's admirable experiment in the presentation of the classics of the English stage. Until more support is forthcoming, the Mermaid Repertory Theatre has had to ring down its curtain indefinitely. Mr. Carr has had a great deal of enthusiastic congratulation, but mere good wishes fill no treasury, and with receipts of £12 towards weekly working expenses of £300 no manager could continue. Mr. Carr, however, hopes to enlist further aid to save his admirable undertaking.

The work already done represents a worthy measure of artistic achievement. The first production was Milton's "Mask of Comus," given in the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, in June 1903. This was followed by Ben Jonson's



ODOL, ART, AND THE SANDWICH-MAN.

"Mask of Cupid" and Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," and later by Congreve's "Way of the World" (at the Court Theatre); after this came "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Broken Heart," "The Confederacy," and "The Maid's Tragedy" (at the Royalty Theatre). And last season, at the Great Queen Street Theatre, were given Sheridan's "Critic," Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," and Gilbert's "Palace of Truth."

A short time ago the inhabitants of a villa in the suburbs of Hamburg were aroused at night by the sound of a piano being played in their drawing-room. They crept downstairs and looked into the room, where they saw a ragged youth sitting at the piano and playing Handel's "Messiah" with wonderful expression. By his side lay a bag full of burglar's implements. The young man was immediately seized, and then he confessed that he had been educated as a musician, but, having fallen into evil ways, had taken to burglary. The sight of the open piano had been too much for him, and he could not resist trying the instrument. The master of the house was so touched by the story that he gave the youth a decent suit of clothes and did his best to enable him to resume his studies in music. So we may yet live to see "The Burglar Pianist" advertised on all the hoardings in London.



THE FIRST MOTOR-BUS TO BRIGHTON: SIR CHARLES DANCE'S STEAM-CARRIAGE LEAVING WELLINGTON STREET FOR BRIGHTON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

From a Drawing by Madeley.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 26.

AUTUMN MONEY.

WERE markets able to count upon the continuance of a Three per cent. Bank Rate, the investment departments would probably be better off than they are now as regards prices. It is, however, generally thought that the Bank will again raise her minimum before many weeks are out, and the demand for money now being felt at some of the principal financial centres is quite sufficient justification for the Bank of England to take all necessary steps to safeguard her own position. The revival of business in Stock Exchange markets need suffer no set-back by reason of a Bank Rate even higher than that of the current Three per cent., but it is to be hoped that, if another change should be contemplated, it will be made quickly, or, if no alteration should be likely, that the market may be quietly assured on the point. For suspense in the matter of the Bank Rate is a formidable opponent to confidence and its resultant business.

GRAND TRUNKS AND MEXICANS.

Were it not for the boom in everything Canadian, Grand Trunk Third Preference stock would, perhaps, be standing nearer 50 than 60. But in the rush for Dominion securities Trunks have naturally enjoyed their appropriate share, and are, equally naturally, talked much better. We can see no reason for a further advance. That, in itself, is also no reason why a fresh rise should be wanting; but the prudent operator does not expect to get the top brick from every chimney: he is well satisfied with a good profit such as most holders of Trunks can now obtain. The First and Second Preferences are good investments; the Third Preference and the Ordinary are fully priced. Realise the two latter stocks and put the money into Mexican Second Preference would be our suggestion. The latter is out of favour upon the Company's somewhat inane note attached to last week's traffic, a note which the buyer of stocks can afford to ignore. The First Preference pays all but 5 per cent. on the money, and will increase its dividend in due time. It carries every possibility of a five-point rise, but the Second Preference is not such a heavy stock and yet moves with mercurial rapidity.

LAND COMPANIES.

In publishing the appended Note concerning the shares of various Land Companies, we may, perhaps, be allowed to notice that our correspondent "Q." speaks hopefully of Calgary and Edmonton Lands, which have had so smart a rise since they were recommended here not many weeks ago—

It is not surprising that Land Companies' shares, Canadian, Argentine, and Chinese, are providing some of the most active departments of the Stock Exchange, for there are greater possibilities in this direction, perhaps, than in any other. Hudson Bays continue very firm, although there has been a good deal of profit-taking, and must inevitably go to £100, or more, in course of time. Some people argue that to be worth £100 they should be paying £5 a year, but the people who are buying the shares are not looking to the immediate return on their capital, but are content to wait for the steady increase in the value of their property which must come as Canada fills up and is developed. Calgary and Edmonton Land shares, again, are advancing steadily in value, and from what I hear, are bound for much higher prices. It is, perhaps, not generally known that by its recent victory in its lawsuit with the Dominion Government this Company acquires the whole of the mineral rights over its lands, sold and unsold, some 1,200,000 acres in all. Extensive coal-areas are known to exist, and it is difficult to estimate the potential value of these rights, which is not represented at all in the present price of the shares. I hope to treat this subject at greater length on a future occasion. Argentine Land shares, too, remain very firm, and among these the 5 per cent. Preference shares of the Argentine Land and Investment Company at a little over 4½ are still very cheap. The Ordinary shares of this Company, which are 10s. paid, have come up this year from 3s. to par. This, of course, means that they are considered to be in sight of a dividend. But, seeing that before they can receive any dividend the whole of the arrears of the Preference interest, amounting to 26s. 6d. per share, must be paid off, and seeing also that, after the Ordinary have received 10 per cent.,

nine-tenths of the remaining profits go to the Preference shareholders, a very little consideration will lead to the conclusion that they are comparatively undervalued. I hope you will forgive my returning to this subject, to which I referred in a previous letter. Q.

P.S.—In quite another direction I hear wonderful accounts of the Spassky Copper Mine, the shares of which are now quoted at about £5.

Since the above was written, on Sept. 7, Spassky shares spurted considerably. With Esperanza and El Oro, they have been one of the features of the Mining Market during the past week.

MINING MATTERS.

This week we have a view of the British Broken Hill Mine, an offshoot of the famous Proprietary Company, and one of the best-known on this side. The market in Barrier shares has eased off to some extent, in sympathy with the fall in lead, but, having come to life, it is unlikely that prices will drop back just yet to their previous inaction. A more dramatic resurrection is that in the shares of the oft-reconstructed Glenrock Company. A fortnight ago the shares could have been bought at a penny each, or less. On a sudden came the news of a strike, and the price bounded up to half-a-crown! At anything like this price, the shares ought to be sold with gratitude. Esperanzas provide another market sensation, and the price is freely tipped for 5, 6, 7—anything up to ten pounds a share. It has risen from 18s. this year, and the pace of the advance gives pause, although the quotation looks as though it would touch 5 easily. Several subsidiaries are said to be near the point of issue from the Chartered Company, but it seems improbable that the directors will take any steps in this direction until the arrival of the report, which will be a year out-of-date.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Inasmuch—," began The Broker. "In a what?" asked The Jobber.

The Carriage had met in full conclave for the first time since the summer holidays, and The Broker, for one, felt that such an opportunity was not to be lightly wasted. Therefore he was in no mood to stand any levity.

"If you cannot help playing the fool, at least play it silently, I beg," he said, with chilly rudeness.

"My dear fellow," retorted The Jobber, "I am most eager to assist you. But when you said you were in a smutch, whatever that may be, I wanted to help you out."

"Inasmuch as we've got a Three per cent. Bank Rate," continued The Broker, with rising irritation, "it is no wonder that Consols don't go better."

The Banker laid down his *Times* with an expression of surprise.

"You don't think so, then?" The Broker asked him. "Why should people—?"

"Because they shouldn't. Human nature," explained The Jobber, needlessly.

"I do not consider that the Three per cent. Bank Rate will cause any hesitation on the part of those who intended to buy Consols," observed The Banker.

"There's the end of the quarter coming on," The Engineer remarked. "More rent and rates and taxes!"

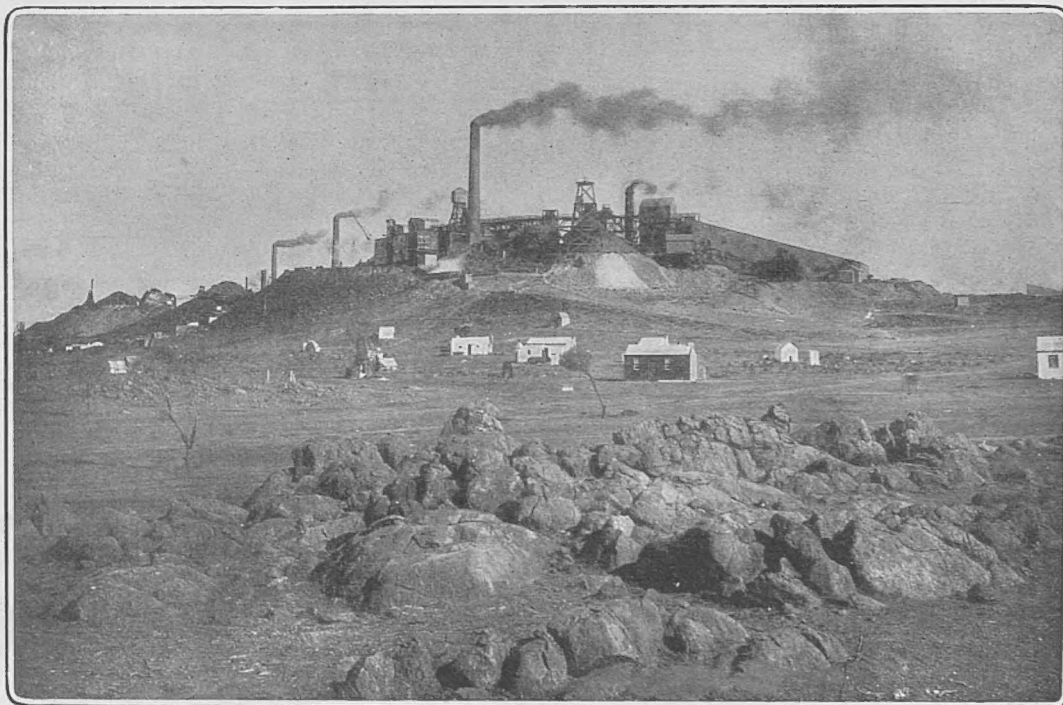
"But Consols?" and The City Editor looked towards The Banker. "So many markets hang upon Consols."

"I cannot pose as an authority upon the immediate outlook for the Consol Market," said the old gentleman; "but, so far as I can see, we shall have Consols dull, if I might so say, for another month or so."

"That rather upsets some people's views," said The Engineer, laughing at The City Editor.

"The situation has changed considerably," answered the latter worthily, "since I wrote what, I imagine, you are referring to."

Again The Engineer laughed. "I wasn't," he replied. "Bow drawn at a venture," and The Jobber threatened to go into convulsions of mirth. His life was, however, saved by The Solicitor, who restored gravity by a question about Japanese Internal bonds.



BRITISH BROKEN HILL.

The Banker stated that his house had high authority for supposing these issues would be repaid at par.

"No doubt. But when?" asked The Solicitor.

"Directly the Mikado's Government see their way to deal with the problems of the country's finances. Their object is, of course, to have Japanese bonds in the hands of outsiders, so these Internal Loans must be redeemed soon."

"Then the Fives are still good to buy?" The Solicitor pursued.

"Cheap, quite cheap," affirmed The Broker, as The Banker nodded. "How much stock?"

"If anything happens to upset Japan's domestic peace—"

"Riots, for example?"

"Then," The Jobber went on, "it strikes me that Japan's Internals may give the bulls rather a bad fit of indigestion."

"The Broker slammed down the window with a gesture of intense disgust. "Why on earth can't you—?"

"Because on earth may be my last chance of delighting my dearest friends," was the quiet reply, and the speaker lit his pipe with manifest enjoyment. "Go it!" he whispered to The City Editor.

"Who said Kaffirs?" commenced The City Editor.

"Silly ass!" The Jobber reproached him. "Don't you know I'm out of that market now?"

"What are Kaffirs going to do?"

Everyone turned to The Broker and waited expectantly.

"Why look at me?" he demanded.

"A stag may look at a bear," said The Jobber. "Well, Brokie?"

"What do they say in the market?" The Engineer inquired.

"Oh, everybody swears they will go better," he returned. "And it looks a thundering good market, too."

"In spite of profit-taking, and all that sort of thing?"

"We don't seem to be getting much information," complained The Engineer. "I'm very much interested in the Kaffir Market myself."

Again they all looked at The Broker.

"It looks," he repeated, "a thundering good market, and one that's not safe to be a bear in. I can't bring myself to any white-heat of—"

"—temper?" suggested The Jobber.

"—bullishness, because it's difficult to my constitution to see how the shares can be called cheap when they pay you one, or two, or three per cent. on the money."

"Ah, but with good prospects of improvement," The Jobber contributed.

"Doubtful. Indeed, I question it very much. All the same, if the public are going to buy Kaffirs, these prices won't be allowed to stop long."

"They tell me that the public are coming in," said The Jobber, half-defiantly.

"To every man who comes in, there is one who goes out, or more than one."

"These sort of people buy back at higher prices, if they see the market's good."

"That's sound sense," The Broker declared.

"It all depends upon the attitude of the big houses, it seems to me," remarked The Jobber. "D'you hear anything particularly good from your fellow-professors in the Transvaal?"

The Engineer replied that his letters from out there were becoming less despondent.

"Do you hear from Rhodesia?" asked The Jobber, inquisitively.

The Broker told him to mind his own business: The Jobber had voiced the general wish for information.

"I hear now and again," was the cautious answer.

"Bankets?" said The Jobber, bluntly.

The Engineer shrugged his shoulders. The Carriage asked for a confidential opinion.

"Well, honestly, I hardly know what to say. I cannot give you my information nor the source of it—"

"Why not?"

"Because I mayn't. All I can say is that I wouldn't be a bull of the shares myself."

"Nor Lomagunda? Nor Rhodesia Ex.?" he was asked.

"Not one of them. I mistrust Bankets mostly. But if— Great Garthwaite! I want to get out here! Open the door!" he shouted to The Jobber, as he frantically fished in the rack for his umbrella, the train already moving.

"That's because he didn't say 'Please,'" commented The Jobber upon The Engineer's getting badly bunkered in an army of empty milk-cans at the end of the platform.

Saturday, September 9, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

G. L. F.—To deal in Foreign Lottery bonds, you must apply to an agent. Several of the best-known Lotteries are quoted in the Stock Exchange, and we mentioned the name of one firm of foreign bankers who deal, in our Note to which you refer. May we also refer you to our Correspondence Rules with regard to replies by letter?

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September 13, 1905.

Signature.....